Next Month

and later

WHAT PULLS YOUR STRINGS?
Winfred Rhoades

Winfred Rhoades contributes another of his helpful articles on personal psychology, prying into the recesses of the mind to find out why men and women wreck their lives by failing to recognize the true causes and motives of their own behavior.

MINNESOTA'S POLITICAL PRODIGY
Isabel Henson Masters

All over the country, feverish Republicans are digging frantically for likely Republican politicians who might conceivably, someday, lead the G. O. P. back to its one-time national pre-eminence. Thirty-one-year-old Harold Edward Stassen, Governor of Minnesota, is one of the most promising of these "white hopes." Here a fellow Minnesotan gives him the once-over.

A COUNTRY BOY GOES HOME
R. Havelock-Bailie

Remembering the sunny side of his backwoods boyhood in the Ozark hills, a man who has taken a licking in the complicated civilization of modern business goes back to the mountains to remake his life from the ground up.

THIS WON'T HURT MUCH
Marguerite Clark

Few people have such sublime confidence in modern science that, when the doctor tells them, "This won't hurt much," they close their eyes for a little nap. But, if progress in developing anesthetics for all the specialized uses of surgery continues, perhaps your grandchildren will have that confidence as a matter of course. This article relates some of the recent steps in the warfare against pain.

CLOTHING WORKERS' ARMY
Mary Heaton Vorse

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers are one of the greatest achievements in the history of trade unionism. They have 225,000 members in a national industry that is 95 per cent organized. They are financially secure and politically just beginning their growth. And this union, led by Sidney Hillman, inspires in its members unique qualities of loyalty and devotion. Said a young worker once to Mary Heaton Vorse: "I never knew that I was joining anything as big as this. I was proud of my union but I could not dream it was like this."

FORUM

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

DECEMBER 1939

Washington: a National Disgrace . . . . . MERLO J. PUSEY 241

Youth Examines the War Whoop . . . . . A. FLEMING MacLIESH 249

"It's a Military Impossibility" . . . . . LOWELL M. LIMPUS 253
How to Read the War News

Life and Literature . . . . . MARY M. COLUM 258
Literary Pioneers and Re-creators

The Forum Quiz . . . . . JO HUBBARD CHAMBERLIN 264

The Theater . . . . . LETA CLEWS CROMWELL 266

Should Government Own Our Utilities? *A Debate*

I — Power Belongs to the People . . . . . RICHARD L. NEUBERGER 268

II — Socialization Means Waste . . . . . FRANK A. NEWTON 270

III — Rebuttal 272

Slick Fingers . . . . . RALPH L. WOODS 273
The War between Shoplifters and Spotters

Who's Fit to Survive? . . . . . JEAN RICOCHET BOYD 278

Cow of Heaven. *A Poem* . . . . . OSCAR WILLIAMS 283

I Went to College at Fifty . . . . . ANONYMOUS 284

The Artist's Point of View . . . . . RALPH M. PEARSON 287

A Page for Poets
On Writing a Novel in Verse . . . . . CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE 288

The Book Forum . . . . M. L. ELTING; ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN; J.H.V.A. IV

Our Rostrum VII

The Record Review . . . . . ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER IX

Travel Briefs . . . . . HARRY J. PRICE XI

Toasts XII

VOL. CII—No. 6

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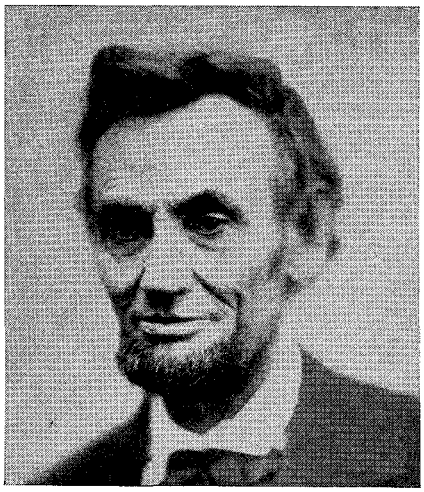

A photograph by Alexander Gardner, taken April 10, 1865, five days before the assassination. From the Meserve Collection. One of the 414 photographs in THE WAR YEARS.

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THE BOOK FORUM

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *The War Years*, by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, 4 vols., $20).

We can give you an eye-witness report on the first three volumes of Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, which his publisher has very considerately been sending, a piece at a time, these past weeks. The fourth volume will be off the press any day now, last of a work that is easily the most important of this and many another season.

As you can guess from its immense length (each of the three books runs to nearly 700 pages) this *Abraham Lincoln* contains a good deal more than biography, great though its subject was. Here is a history also of the Civil War, of the social forces that caused the war, of the press that reported it, of its battles on the field and behind closed doors, and — above all — a history of the hundreds of individuals who took part in the chief events of those dark and complex years. At the same time it is history constantly shadowed by the towering figure of Lincoln.

Over and over again Mr. Sandburg has done the almost impossible in his narrative of that complicated era: heaping up incidents or pouring out a perfect torrent of details, he smothers neither the life of his narrative nor the interest of his reader. Only rarely did we wish for less fact and more of the author's own judgment.

The more we read, the more we felt that Lincoln himself would have liked tremendously this story of his life and times. No one relished the anecdote and the parable more than he, and no one uses them to better advantage on a grand scale than Carl Sandburg. No one was more conscious than Lincoln of the responsibility, the grave and perilous obligations, he had undertaken, and it is in such a spirit of dedication that his biographer has completed his own task. Lincoln overwhelmed with fear of what the war might do to the whole of American democracy; Lincoln listening to the humblest of sad citizens; shaping national policy; or making those trivial decisions incessantly forced upon him — these Lincolns and all those in between are the man that Carl Sandburg knows better than anyone else ever has.

For all its apparent directness of method, there is an artfulness in this huge work for which the ordinary reader may be grateful. By one device and another, a suspense as of contemporary events is maintained. You take with the new President that eleven-day trip from Springfield to Washington before inauguration and you ache with the uncertainty of it. You wait with the anxious office seekers who beset him everywhere. Election day in 1864 is almost unbearable. We can think of no chronicle so warmed and quickened by vivid, understandable human beings.

A whole book could be written, of course, about how Carl Sandburg wrote his *Abraham Lincoln* — the years he spent digging for material in odd places, until it is doubtful if anything additional of importance will ever turn up; the photographs he went through to find the remarkable four hundred or so that illustrate the text; the legend of his scholarship; the devotion that made possible his loving and moving biography, his magnificent social and political history.

THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins (Little, Brown, $4.00).

Next to Sandburg's *Lincoln*, the most lavish book on the Christmas list is *The Heritage of America* — a fascinating and diverse anthology of this country's history, written by those who made it. The compilers, Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins, are themselves skilled historians. They have gleaned significant — and decidedly readable — passages set down by those who conquered the wilderness or spilled tea in Boston harbor or burned witches. Preceding each excerpt runs a commentary sufficient to explain it to the layman.

From the original account of Leif Ericson's discovery of America to a poignant passage from Louise V. Armstrong's *We Too Are the People*, the high points in our dynamic past are presented with refreshing immediacy. Sometimes the low points, too, find themselves reflected, as in the unforgettable firsthand account of the treatment of captured Negroes in the old slave ships or in Samuel Gompers' account of the attack by police on the unemployed in New York during the great depression of 1874. To balance these grim episodes are such things as Washington Irving's charming account of New York's sleepy old Dutch governor or Henry Ford's matter-of-fact record of how he got off to his start in the automobile world. The book is as various and abundant as the life it reflects. You can check it also as a safe giving-away volume, since most of the controversial issues it touches are way back in the past, with little emphasis on the controversies of today.

RUTHERFORD, by A. S. Eve (Macmillan, $5.00).

From a small village in New Zealand,

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The Book Forum

toward the close of the nineteenth century, a young man came to England on a science scholarship — one of the first to be given to a colonial. He was brilliant and he was tactful. Soon his skeptical, standoffish colleagues at Cambridge had at least accepted Ernest Rutherford, though it took them still some time to make him feel at home. Soon, too, he was off to one of the most important scientific careers in recent history. In *Rutherford*, Dr. A. S. Eve gives us a biography of this great and lovable genius who began the work with radio waves which Marconi completed, who discovered the first radioactive gas, who gave all kinds of enrichment to chemistry and physics. As much of his life as possible Dr. Eve has allowed to unfold by itself through letters and documents. Since Lord Rutherford was gay and sociable and communicative, this method does perhaps better than a critical estimate in portraying the man as well as the scientist.

M. L. ELTING

MEN IN BATTLE, by Alvah Bessie (Scribner, $2.50).

Vincent Sheean paid tribute in his *Not Peace but a Sword*, to the International Brigade and in particular the Lincoln Battalion, to which Alvah Bessie belonged. Sheean admired this idealistic "foreign legion" because he felt that it was "animated throughout with a sense of WHY things happen." Mr. Bessie has delivered "the something outside the usual line of writers" that Mr. Sheean felt he would if he survived to write about anything. Alvah Bessie employs the fictional methods natural to him to tell a tale written out of actual battle, stating the truth as he saw it and (one might say) chiefly, felt it.

He sets out to explain once and for all why 3,800 Americans went to fight in Spain. But more exactly he seems, to this reviewer, to have explained his own personal reasons therefor. Classifying himself as a middle-class intellectual, he says he needed to "submerge" in "that mass" of men, "seeking neither preferment nor distinction" — to become thus by self-discipline, patience, and unselfishness the opposite of what a long middle-class training had made him.

The writer does not gloss over the distrust that sprang up between the Spanish and the "international" troops, owing mainly to the great barrier of language. Nor does he minimize the difficulties and inefficiencies of such an untrained body. Students, dock workers, clerks, and labor organizers of a dozen nationalities were quartered together, all of them well "left of the center" (or they would not have been there), all wanting "to communicate with each other somehow," and with only an "abstract idea you could not hold in your mind at the front" to bind them.

Mr. Bessie writes a flowing prose of lovely cadences, with a rising or slackening tempo in its rhythm. In a most extraordinary book, he reaches the same conclusions as did Mr. Sheean from a strictly reportorial angle: "The very existence of this army — that had played so crucial a role in this Spanish war, was the guarantee of international working-class brotherhood; the final proof — a common interest and an identical obligation."

PEOPLE: *The Quantity and Quality of Population*, by Henry Pratt Fairchild (Holt, $3.00).

This eminent sociologist holds "nothing in the age-long panorama of human affairs to be so vital, so crucial, so full of potentialities as the combination of size and quality in the human population itself." The questions raised by Professor Fairchild in his first chapter are: Why this decline in the birth rate? Why stationary reproduction in the twentieth century in both Europe and the United States? What, relatively, of Japan's addition of a million people annually to a total population already seventy million? All these and many more are answered ably and definitively for the layman in this crystal-clear book. Professor Fairchild manages to blow away a lot of the fog surrounding such topics as birth control, sterilization, and eugenics generally.

People points out that nature has set positive bounds to the increase of living beings in two ways — by individual procreational endowment and by external conditions affecting expansion of the species. In the human multiplication table, standing room and food are the limiting denominators. Professor Fairchild finds it ironical that the "two basic forces of organic existence, hunger and love — are in nature pitted implacably against each other." Inevitably waste results. He finds no evidence that civilization weakens the sexual urge — rather the opposite — and places the reason for an apparent lessening in human fertility in the field of psychology rather than biology. A change in human behavior has modified to some appreciable extent the great reproductive instinct without altering the mating instinct.

Population pressure is, in his opinion, the "great and underlying cause of practically all international war," resolved in the struggle for lands, markets, and satisfaction of national pride. Witness, he says, the growth of all great colonial empires — though now imperialism takes the form attempting to gain economic dominion over the life of another country — and the universal fears of national shrinkage and extinction.

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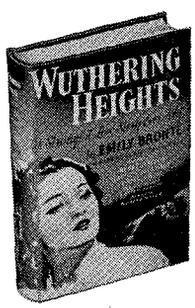

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The Book Forum

In one comprehensive chapter, he traces, not unsympathetically, the whole history of contraception and explains why the United States during her expansion era did not incline toward family limitation. One by one, he analyzes dispassionately the mixed motives behind the desire for a high birth rate as well as a lowered infant mortality: the militaristic objectives, the wish of certain religious sects to expand or of industrial leaders to have a cheap labor market, and even motives of ethnic egoism or mere megalomania.

Professor Fairchild has a keen, parrying intellect in dealing with even dry facts and figures, and he never sins in dullness. He transmits readily to his reader the fascination the subject has for him.

CHAOS IN ASIA, by Hallett Abend (Washburn, $3.00).

The noted China correspondent of the *New York Times* has gathered here (and added fresh material to) papers which have appeared in many widely differing periodicals. Told in a casual, informal manner which makes it all the more effective, the thesis of this book by a reliable and veteran observer is that Japanese conquest is far from being completely successful (a fact which has been corroborated by our recently retired Admiral Yarnell). Japan's economic control of China is ineffectual. Meanwhile Russia continues to aid the Chinese, Britain to give them financial assistance, and France, alarmed about Indo-China, to assist Chiang Kai-shek's government; while Holland and the Philippines continue to worry about the future. There is a particularly interesting chapter on "Japan's Side of It All," in which Mr. Abend pictures the Japanese as sincere, if misguided.

THE BIBLE OF THE WORLD, edited by Robert Ballou in collaboration with Friederich Spiegelberg and Horace Friess (Viking, $5.00; special edition, $10).

This is a single volume containing the most beautiful sacred writings of Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, Judeo-Christianity, and Mohammedanism, collected to help all men in their "own search for revelation of eternal truth." Excellent as a work of reference, it should be in every library. One wonders only at the omission of Egypt's monotheist, Aton's magnificent Hymn to the Sun.

ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN

AFTER SEVEN YEARS, by Raymond Moley (Harper, $3.00).

After Seven Years, according to the blurb on the wrapper, is "the political autobiography of a man who was *once* President Roosevelt's most frequent adviser." The word *once* has an ominous sound; it prepares the reader for a book which, as one wag has put it, would be more suitably entitled "Sour Grapes of Wrath." And the reader does have the feeling that he is being given the questionable privilege of seeing President Roosevelt take a bath in a glass house with all the shades pulled up.

But the most remarkable feature of the book is its revelation of Professor Moley's endowment of self-confidence. All anyone had to do was follow where the Professor led, and there were no more furrowed brows or sleepless nights. From that moment "on a dim January day in 1932" when the Professor looked into the eye of Governor Roosevelt of New York State, the Professor hit a batting average for judgment, anticipation, and knowledge of men, coupled with an uncanny ability to pick the right word, phrase, or sentence for any and all occasions, which the modesty of the normal man would find hard to admit to, much less put on paper. But the Professor is no ordinary man. He claims direct responsibility for the New Deal.

By the time page 280 is reached, the reader is punch drunk with incident, anecdote, fact; the high quality of the writing makes it just possible for him to keep up with the truly remarkable pace of the book. Through it all, however, he feels that he is reading a fairy story — there is always a happy ending.

A quality which one would call smugness in any other man pervades the book. It whets the appetite for the moment when the ax shall fall. But that moment never comes. Tommy Corcoran may be "wandering about in a realm which is traditionally opened to first-year law students — a realm of iconoclastic sociological concepts designed to give the embryonic lawyer objectivity." Cohen may be this; Berle may be that; but the Professor is something else again — he is always right.

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It may be said that Professor Moley sinks below his Olympian standards in sprinkling a little acid on some of those who momentarily impeded his progress; but no one will deny that he has written a historical document which the well-informed can ill afford to miss, a document which requires — one might almost say demands — an answer from the present administration.

J. H. V. A.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

CALIFORNIA'S MIGRANTS

To the Editor:

Mr. Frank J. Taylor, a publicist who has long represented the large growers of California . . . has undertaken ["California's 'Grapes of Wrath'," November FORUM] to provide a "factual" rebuttal to *The Grapes of Wrath*. . . . He would have the readers of THE FORUM believe that the growers are in some manner responsible for the splendid work of the Farm Security Administration. The "facts" are that these growers fought the FSA program with every resource at their disposal and that this opposition has not abated. . . . It should also be pointed out that the FSA . . . provides fairly decent camp conditions for perhaps 3,500 out of 200,000 workers. Its medical program . . . reaches, in a meager way, a somewhat larger group. . . .

. . . Lee Stone, public health officer of Madera County . . . did do a good piece of work in . . . the flood in 1937 (with funds, incidentally, provided by the FSA) but he is hardly the best authority in the world on migratory workers. His prejudice against these workers is, in fact, rather notorious in California. His story about the family sleeping on the manure pile, and apparently luxuriating in its warmth and fragrance, is . . . merely a variation on the "coal-in-the-bathtub" yarn that used to be told about mine workers in the east. I have heard the story at least a hundred times, from Sacramento to Imperial Valley, always told with fanciful variations and as a personal observation. I have also heard the yarn about the workers who tore down partitions in a cotton cabin to use as kindling wood. I might add that I have visited a great many cotton camps and I never saw a cotton cabin with partitions. . . . I have reports on my desk at this moment covering some 200 cotton camps in the San Joaquin Valley, and scarcely 10% of these camps, from the reports, can even be rated "fair." . . .

Merely to indicate the highly selective choice of facts made by Mr. Taylor, reference might be made to Dr. Joe Smith's public health service in Kern County. The budget for this particular county health department is exceptional; no other rural county in the state provides a service of this character. Similarly selective is the use of statistics to prove that farm wages "with board" are higher in California than elsewhere. The joker here is that . . . board is never provided for migratory workers. . . .

But the statistics which Mr. Taylor uses in an effort to demonstrate that California agriculture is not dominated by large-scale corporate farms are still more misleading. . . . *California*, the official monthly magazine of the California State Chamber of Commerce, for April, 1939 . . . gives the facts. . . . In 1935 one-ninth of the farms by number in California possessed more than four-fifths of the state's farm acreage. . . . Out of 7,875 large-scale farms in the United States . . . 2,892, or 36% of the total, are located in California. . . .

. . . Mr. Taylor makes reference to "communist agitators" who have coerced farm employees in California. But I find not one reference in his article to the carefully documented charges of coercion and terrorism that have been made against the Associated Farmers. Those readers who want to know something about this so-called "farmer" organization are referred to the report prepared on the organization by the Institute of Propaganda Analysis for August, 1939; to an article by Richard Neuberger in *Survey* for September, 1939; to the publications of the Simon J. Lubin Society, 25 California Street, San Francisco; to the forthcoming hearings of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee; and to the files of the National Labor Relations Board. . . . Let [Mr. Taylor] consult the files of any California newspaper today, October 21st, 1939, and read of the violence used yesterday in Madera, California, by growers in breaking up a meeting in the public park of that town. His statement that the Associated Farmers of California . . . is not concerned with farm wages, is the most charming piece of fiction that I have encountered in the years that I have been interested in migratory farm labor. The "fact" is that the Associated Farmers are concerned with nothing but farm wages and the related issue of defeating the organization of farm workers. . . . The reader, unacquainted with the facts, can get a better understanding of the economic and social implications of large-scale corporate farming in California from *The Grapes of Wrath* than from all of the "official" apologetics on the subject written by the henchmen of the Associated Farmers. . . . A "reply" could be made to *The Grapes of Wrath*, not in the name of the large-scale corporate farm, however, but in the name of the small dirt-farmers of the state who are victims of the interests represented by the Associated Farmers. . . .

CAREY MCWILLIAMS
Chief, Div. of Immigration and Housing
California Dept. of Industrial Relations
Los Angeles, Calif.

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F O R U M
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DECEMBER, 1939 VOL. CII, NO. 6

WASHINGTON: a National Disgrace

by MERLO J. PUSEY

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE regard Washington as the most favored city in America. Throughout the depression it has been an oasis of comparative prosperity because of the expanding federal payroll. As the nation's seat of government, the city draws an allowance from the federal treasury. It is well supplied with parks, memorials, and impressive public buildings. In many respects Washington is becoming one of the world's great capitals.

Yet it is the most frustrated city of its size in the narrowing realm of free government.

Our political systems customarily function with the aid of checks and balances. The District of Columbia has all the checks and no balance. The complete denial of suffrage within that area is common knowledge. Less is known of its makeshift conglomeration of political agencies. Since the privilege of limited home rule was withdrawn sixty-five years ago, Congress has created new bureaus, boards, and divisions of local government without pattern or pretense of consistency. As a result, the regime imposed on this city of 630,000 inhabitants is neither representative nor competent to act for a modern community. By some curious paradox, the capital of the world's greatest democracy is controlled by a system that is astonishingly arbitrary and chaotic.

National and international developments have a way of blanketing everything of local interest in the capital. Unless familiar signs of political discontent fail, however, the federal government may soon have a minor crisis in its own back yard. Last year the ferment of unrest was manifested in a suffrage poll. Although the balloting was hastily organized and entirely unofficial, more than 87,000 persons used this means of petitioning for the right to vote. A few months earlier, a citizens' committee had outlined plans for a complete overhauling of the District government to increase its efficiency and make it more responsive to the will of the people. Then came the report by Griffenhagen & Associates, proposing a municipal charter and a council–city manager type of local regime. While this plan brought forth a barrage of criticism, it also

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sharpened the city's awareness of its hapless situation. Preparations are now being made for new demands on Congress during its 1940 session.

Out of the recent studies, hearings and debates is coming a new and more realistic view of Washington. For many years the city has made a good impression on visitors. It has been developed for that special purpose. But attention is now being diverted from the historic monuments, the white-marble façades, ceremonial streets, mediocre statuary, extensive parks, and attractive residential areas by which the capital is so familiarly known. Behind all this window dressing is a community where men and women struggle for a livelihood — a community that is plagued by hidden alley slums, by crime and disease and unemployment with which it is frequently unable to cope. For Congress, in its eagerness to build a capital second to none, has neglected essential community services. It has favored national institutions, such as the Zoological Park, at the expense of schools, penal establishments, health centers, hospitals, and libraries.

A Third-Rate Health System

A Fine Arts Commission forbids the erection of inelegant buildings on important streets, but tuberculosis and syphilis are allowed to run riot. Few of our cities can boast of their health records. In no self-governing metropolis, however, would the people be likely to tolerate heavy expenditures for municipal adornment while disease flourished for want of effective controls. Pursuit of that policy in Washington gave the city an annual death rate of 15 per thousand persons, compared with 12.9 for seventeen cities of similar size during the eight years 1926–34. Tuberculosis claimed 123 lives in the capital for every 79 in the other cities. Some encouraging gains have been made in the last few years. Still, a recent survey indicated that the District has twice as much venereal disease as other cities of about the same size.

From the community viewpoint, health as well as beauty can be purchased. The virulence of these plagues in Washington is directly related to the fact that its health budget has been chronically inadequate. The neglect of health in the capital may be graphically represented by three figures: actual expenditures for public health in the fiscal year 1939, $0.97 per capita; annual outlay recommended by the United States Public Health Service, $1.61 per resident, standard laid down by the American Public Health Association, $2.50 per resident.

Experts of the United States Public Health Service who conducted a survey in Washington last year brought in a restrained verdict of "not creditable." Among the District's long-standing health needs pointed out by the investigators were: 3 new health centers; 2 nursing centers; 110 additional public-health nurses; better maternity, infant, and preschool medical services; additional sanitary inspectors; and full-time directors for cancer control, dental hygiene, sanitary inspection, venereal-disease control, the laboratories, the tuberculosis clinic, and vital statistics. Some idea as to the state of health in Washington may also be gained from that section of the report advising especially intensive efforts "for the control of syphilis, tuberculosis, cancer, pneumonia, diphtheria and reduction of maternal and infant mortality."

On the basis of other cities' experience, Health Department experts concluded that adoption of the suggested program would save at least 627 lives a year in the national capital. The loss of that many lives through the torpedoing of a vessel at sea might bring a declaration of war. But, since these are peacetime losses in a voteless city, few congressmen took time to read the findings of the Public Health Service. Our overworked legislators apparently thought they had done their duty toward the disease-ridden capital when they added two cents per capita to the health budget for the fiscal year 1940.

Public hospital service in the District has fared no better than other health activities. The United States Public Health Service found a deficiency of 825 beds. Some progress has since been made toward supplying this demand, thanks to the Public Works Administration. But Washington must constantly make apologies for its Gallinger Hospital. Almost every year, groups in or out of Congress engage in spirited controversies over this municipal institution. The public was recently shocked to learn that ten Gallinger nurses have contracted tuberculosis, presumably because of overwork and long hours. Periodically the community becomes excited over fire hazards

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faced by some Gallinger patients. The hospital is woefully overcrowded most of the time, and the care afforded patients is usually inadequate because of the shortage of nurses.

Good Crime in Nice Surroundings

In contrast to this third-rate health service is Washington's unique park system. The municipality is required to borrow money from the federal treasury to buy park lands. But it is not even permitted to tax its own residents sufficiently to prevent hundreds of unnecessary deaths in squalid neighborhoods far removed from its cherry blossoms, its rose gardens, and its Rock Creek Park. At present, the District has 5,874 acres of parks. It is taken for granted that the seat of government should be generously supplied with open spaces, golf courses, beautiful drives, bridle paths, and wooded retreats. No doubt it is reasonable for this national center to have more than twice the park area of the average city of similar size. Likewise it is appropriate for an elaborate National Zoological Park to be located in Washington. But that does not reconcile its disfranchised residents to inferior social service.

A strong demand has grown up along the banks of the Potomac for consideration of human problems as well as architecture and city planning. Washington has too long been a city of strange contrasts. Owing in part to the influence of the New Deal, there is now a decided agitation for a leveling-off process. The idea of building a capital second to none tends to pall when that community lacks the means of fighting disgraceful records of contagion and crime.

While he was Attorney General, Homer Cummings pronounced Washington's crime record a "national disgrace." That view reflected not a vague impression but actual data gathered by the Department of Justice for July–September, 1937. Of ninety-three cities of more than a hundred thousand population, the capital took a conspicuous place among the 10 per cent with the most crime. It was third in major thefts, fifth in burglaries and housebreaking, seventh in robberies, eighth in aggravated assault, and tenth in murder and nonnegligent manslaughter.

"The District of Columbia should be a model for the country — clean and free from lawlessness," the former Attorney General said. "Instead, it stands forth conspicuously as a crime center." In part he attributed this unenviable record to the fact that "the relationship between the Federal Government and the District is in a state of confusion."

A sharp decrease in crime was recorded in 1938 after Washington's new Criminal Justice Association began to function. But a renaissance of lawlessness has been under way in 1939. The contempt of racketeers for the District's law-enforcement agencies was em-

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phatically illustrated several months ago by the Warring jury-tampering scandal. In addition to offering a bribe to a prospective juror, Emmitt Warring, former "numbers" racket baron, had given money and liquor to the deputy marshal in charge of the first jury to try him for income-tax frauds. The jury failed to reach a verdict after the deputy marshal had shared the liquor with some of its members and said a good word for Warring. Lawlessness seems to be part of the price the District must pay for inefficient and obsolete government.

The Neglected Needy

Washington is still less of a model city in the handling of unemployment. So far as its Board of Public Welfare can determine, it is the only large city in the country according no relief to depression victims able to work. Jobless breadwinners who cannot find places on some WPA project have the alternatives of letting their families go hungry or of deserting them. In the latter case, the family becomes eligible for public assistance — if any funds are available. During the last two years, however, even some destitute families without breadwinners have been turned away. That is a strange policy for a city which has no public debt and which pays only moderate taxes.

Soon after it became evident that the WPA could not make jobs for all the unemployed able to work, demands for supplementary relief were heard in the District. During the winter of 1936–37, it was estimated that three thousand cases, including families as well as single individuals, were urgently in need of public aid. No funds were available for them. Unlike other municipal authorities, Washington's Board of Commissioners has no control over the city's purse strings. The Board concluded that distress among the unemployed was sufficiently acute to justify a deficiency appropriation. But its appeal for funds did not reach Congress. The message was sidetracked by the Federal Budget Bureau, which stands between the capital city and its lawmaking body as a sort of supercensor.

Demands for more adequate relief again reached the proportions of a chorus in the early winter of 1937–38. The Board of Public Welfare asked for $3,000,000 to carry on its relief work for another year. That estimate was first reduced by the District Commissioners. Then in the Federal Budget Bureau it was sliced to $900,000 before being sent to Congress. That meager sum was voted in spite of pleas to allow the District to spend its own revenue to relieve beggary among its citizens.

The only concession to the local viewpoint Congress would make was to order an investigation into relief in Washington. Burdette G. Lewis was hired to direct the survey. His report, made public in December, 1938, adds another chapter to the story of confusion and irresponsibility in governing the capital city. Mr. Lewis wrote:

> There are many and unnecessarily cruel disappointments visited upon applicants for WPA work, unemployment compensation benefits, social security, and general relief grants in the District, not because the leaders and workers in these agencies are cruel and unthinking, but because of scattered office locations, the separate operation of independent bureaus and services using different interpretations of the same phenomena and having widely different but often seemingly overlapping functions.

He recommended a new department of relief and social security or, failing that, a "consolidated intake service" for all adults applying to public agencies for work or assistance.

While Mr. Lewis severely criticized some officials handling relief funds for waste and inefficiency, he nevertheless sustained the appeal of citizen groups for a larger appropriation. Part of the additional $1,576,450 needed to finance a long-range rehabilitation program could, he said, be saved by eliminating unnecessary expenses. But a substantial increase in the appropriation would also be necessary. On the whole, the report shows that Congress has followed a shortsighted and arbitrary relief policy in the District and that the local government has been utterly helpless to act on its own initiative. The reply of Congress was simply to ignore the findings of its own investigator in voting the 1940 budget.

The Missing Government

Every American city has problems of its own. Some of them may be graver than any dilemma confronting the District of Columbia. One vital distinction, however, sets the capital apart. Self-governing municipalities can at least face their difficulties squarely and muddle through so far as their resources extend. Washington has no such opportunity.

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On all major issues and most small ones it is helpless unless the ponderous legislative machinery of Congress turns in its favor. And that turning is strikingly freakish and erratic. Most of Washington's shortcomings as a community stem from this unnatural situation.

Nearly three years ago I began a study of the District government. My first task, I discovered, was to *find* that government. Theoretically, of course, it is concentrated at the District Building, under supervision of the Board of Commissioners. Actually, however, it is scattered through a welter of separate agencies, both federal and local. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is *no* government of the District of Columbia. Many agencies serve in a governmental capacity there. But it is impossible to hold any one of them responsible for the conduct of the city's business.

Separation of powers is a cardinal principle of the American political system. In Washington, however, we have not only the traditional division of legislative, executive, and judicial branches. The executive power also is divided among the Board of Commissioners, the Board of Public Welfare, the President, the Departments of War and the Interior, and various other agencies. Similar chaos exists in the legislative field. The local commissioners may adopt ordinances for the regulation of traffic and some other municipal affairs. But most of the city's legislative measures must run the gamut of both houses of Congress and the White House.

It is truly absurd to see a legislative body that costs taxpayers twenty-two million dollars a year passing formal acts to name a street, open a grave, or grant a practitioner a license in the capital. Yet that practice continues year after year because Congress has never taken time to give Washington anything more than a makeshift political system.

Transaction of municipal business would be expedited to some extent if the city fathers were allowed to go directly to the House and Senate District Committees with their problems. But the Federal Budget Bureau stands athwart their path. Nor is this arbitrary censorship confined to appropriation bills. Legislative measures, too, must go to the Budget Bureau for decision as to whether they are in accord with the President's program. Under this arrangement, local bills are inevitably analyzed in terms of national policy instead of the community welfare and the city's financial resources. The municipal authorities may thus be effectively checkmated by an agency having no direct responsibility for administration of the city's affairs.

When a District bill reaches Congress, the chief concern is to secure consideration on its merits. Some members of both the Senate and House District Committees are well informed on problems of the capital city and diligent in fostering its interests. But the average legislator knows very little about the community in which Congress has been meeting for 139 years. And, if he should take an interest in this politically helpless city, his opponent in the next election would be certain to cite that record against him. So congressmen shun service on a District Committee as they would a plague. In recent years, the House Committee on the District has never had a full membership. And, when these reluctant "city councilmen" come face to face with municipal issues that cannot be put aside, they usually vote to please their constituents, with little regard for the hopes or aspirations of Washington as a community.

A Free-for-All

Not infrequently the two great legislative chambers on Capitol Hill indulge in lengthy combat over District measures. In July, 1939, city employees experienced a payless payday because the Senate and House were deadlocked over the appropriations and revenue bills. The tax measure was sent back to the Conference Committee three times before an acceptable compromise was reached. Meanwhile, legislation of national importance was laid aside for want of time to examine it.

One bone of contention in the revenue bill was a local income tax. Members of the House had defeated several previous attempts to employ this equitable and effective means of raising revenue, because of candidly expressed fears that the tax might be applied to their own salaries. As finally passed, the income tax is assessed only against persons actually domiciled in the District of Columbia. That lets congressmen out, and it may greatly impair the usefulness of the levy by exempting a large number of government employees who do not regard Washington as their permanent home

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but nevertheless take advantage of its schools and other municipal services.

The real center of controversy was the federal contribution to the District government. By a vote of 216 to 12, the House refused to grant more than $5,000,000. By a vote of 71 to 1, the Senate insisted on a formula that would have granted $8,000,000. After the District had operated extralegally and without funds for fifteen days, an allowance of $6,000,000 was voted. But no formula for systematic adjustment of the federal payment in future years was adopted. Presumably the row will be resumed in 1940, as it has been virtually every year for more than a decade.

It may seem unreasonable for Congress to be making any direct contribution to this relatively prosperous community. But the District renders many services to the federal government. And, when we note that 55 per cent of its land are exempt from taxes, the need of drawing some revenue from the city's one big and expanding industry — government — becomes more apparent. For a long period of years Congress contributed 50 per cent of the Capital's revenue; the contribution now amounts to about 12 per cent.

One other factor which militates against smooth relations between some local agencies and Congress is the Negro question. More than 27 per cent of Washington's population are colored. Because of the relatively low standard of living among many Negroes, a large portion of those on relief or in need of free medical service are of this race. Whenever the House subcommittee on District appropriations is headed by a Southern legislator who makes an issue of keeping the Negro in what is regarded as his "place," the Health Department and the Board of Public Welfare are likely to encounter rough going.

In drafting the 1939 District appropriations bill, for example, funds for the National Training School for Girls were completely eliminated by a subcommittee of which Representative Ross Collins was chairman. The bill became law in that form despite a public outcry. Only after a Senate committee brought out a report showing the "chaotic state of affairs" in which this institution caring for Negro girls would be left did Congress grant an emergency appropriation. Obviously the original omission was not a simple blunder. Washingtonians see in that maneuver a subtle reply by Mr. Collins to political opponents in his Mississippi district who have accused him of being too generous to the Negroes of the capital.

Sometimes personal political ambitions actually result in the intimidation of District officials. One department head has been warned that, if he does not curb newspaper publicity concerning a disgraceful situation in the city, his budget may be slashed. More common are the blackmail tactics used by a few unscrupulous congressmen seeking patronage in the municipal service. Heads of District agencies are not infrequently told that, to advance legislation in which they are interested, they must come across with so many jobs. Undoubtedly that is one reason why the city government is so grossly overstaffed.

Turning to the administrative side of the District government, the picture of confusion is further extended. The Griffenhagen survey showed that some sixty-five so-called District agencies, some thirty-five agencies of the federal government, and more than fifty committees of various kinds are intermeddling in Washington's municipal business. The experts added, with obvious supererogation, that the system is "unbelievably complex, confused, illogical, and cumbersome."

The Board of Commissioners is the chief executive agency. Yet it is only one of several. The capital's extensive park system is under the Department of the Interior. Consequently the taxpayers have to support two separate street-building organizations, whose policies are sometimes in conflict. Still more indicative of the makeshift character of this city government are its five police forces. The Metropolitan Police, responsible to the commissioners, constitute the chief law-enforcement agency. A special force under the Interior Department polices Washington's 703 parks, including traffic circles. The Capitol Police have exclusive jurisdiction over 126 acres on Capitol Hill. The White House Police perform a similar function at the Executive Mansion. Even the zoo has its special police system.

There is ample justification for special guards at the Capitol and White House, but that does not excuse the division among the remaining forces. Imagine the confusion and lost motion resulting from the maintenance of a separate organization to police 703 different

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park areas scattered throughout the city. It is logical to assume that there is a direct relationship between this unco-ordinated system and the District's high crime rate.

Because the War Department built Washington's first aqueduct eighty years ago, it still gathers, filters, and treats the capital's water supply. But the same water is distributed to consumers by the District Engineer Department. Apparently a public utility divided against itself can and does stand — in the District of Columbia.

Even in that part of the District government which may be considered local, there are irrational divisions of authority. The recorder of deeds and register of wills are appointed by the President, and function independently of the local governing board. A much larger segment of executive responsibility is lodged in the Board of Public Welfare. Although its members are appointed by the commissioners, this board is not responsible to them for its administration of relief and charities or its supervision of penal institutions. Neither this board nor the Health Department is entrusted with the operation of Freedman's Hospital, which continues under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior.

Untying the Knots

There are at least two major reasons why these anomalies have stood so long without effective challenge. First, the District's only experiment approaching self-government ended disastrously. That was in 1874. The Washington of that year offers only sharp contrasts with the metropolis of today. But the failure of the so-called territorial government is still cited to justify the denial of home rule to the capital's 630,000 residents. That fact is particularly ironic because it was the Board of Public Works appointed by President Grant which brought about the downfall of the curious regime Congress had set up in the post–Civil War capital. The Board was completely independent of the Legislative Assembly. Moreover, only one chamber of the assembly was elective, and the governor was appointed by the President. So it can scarcely be said that real autonomy has ever been given a trial in Washington.

The second major obstacle to modernization of the District government is somewhat more baffling. The residents of this meeting place of controversial ideas seem unable to agree on anything. There is widespread dissatisfaction with the existing system (or lack of system), but every attempt to change it has met with vigorous opposition. The best opportunity the District has had in years to press the issue of a municipal charter came in early 1939 in the wake of the Griffenhagen report. A group of experts in municipal organization retained by Congress had outlined a thoroughly modern setup adjusted to Washington's needs. It called for a charter conferring ordinary municipal powers on a local council to be either elected or appointed, as Congress might decide. It provided for centralization of administrative power in a city manager and departmentalization of many scattered agencies. Congress would have been relieved of all detailed ordinance making, but would have retained about the same measure of control that the States exercise over their capitals. Some aspects of the plan naturally arouse debate. But, on the whole, it merited a far better reception than it was given by a city in dire need of municipal reform.

At the hearings on the Griffenhagen plan, the spokesman for the District government was Colonel David McCoach, Jr., who had been assigned by the army as Washington's Engineer Commissioner eight months previously. Naturally it remained for unofficial citizen groups to present the community point of view, but they offered so many conflicting ideas of their own that the movement was soon in a sorry tangle.

It is doubtful whether some of these basic differences can be bridged. One group is primarily interested in "national representation" — meaning a constitutional amendment to permit the election of senators and representatives from the District. Another lays greatest stress on local suffrage — the right of the people to choose city councilmen of their own. Many citizens quietly oppose suffrage. One segment hopes to enlarge the powers of the present Board of Commissioners. Still another seeks more sweeping changes under an appointive system. So the controversy goes merrily on, without much hope of real achievement unless Congress should decide to cut through this network of dissension.

Almost everyone recognizes the peculiar

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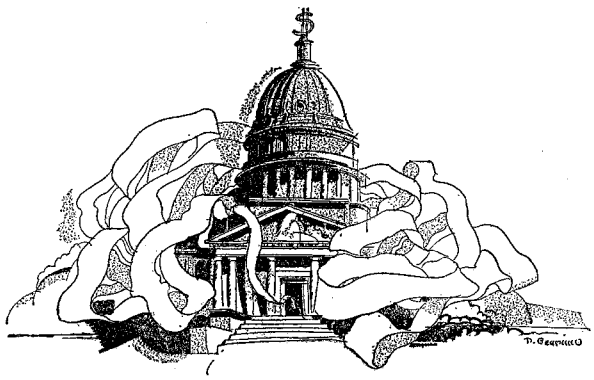
status of Washington. It must remain under general control of Congress whether or not suffrage is granted its residents for any purpose. Realists have no illusions, moreover, about ratification by the States of a constitutional amendment giving the District equal representation with them in the Senate. The federal city is not a State and cannot become one without losing its character as the nation's capital. Nor does it appear that Congress is ready to grant local suffrage in Washington. Voteless citizens have good reason to fulminate against this repudiation of a fundamental democratic principle in the very citadel of democracy. But oratory on this point is not likely to be effective in removing the immediate causes of the unrest now pervading the capital. Many years may be required to untangle the suffrage issue. In the meantime, health, law enforcement, education, and relief demand more consideration than they can be given by a medley of impotent and uncoordinated agencies.

In any event, Congress ought to give the city a charter and create for it some sort of municipal governing body capable of carrying on the routine business of a modern city. Such a council of civic leaders, operating under general acts of Congress, should at least be able to restore a balance between community and national interests in the city. And, after all, that immediate end is more pressing than final determination of the capital's future political status.



In an early issue:

'Corn Wallace,'

by Rollo Walter Brown

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Youth Examines the War Whoop

by **A. FLEMING MacLIESH**

I AM A YOUNG MAN of military age with a wife and child. If the defense of the United States or her vital interests were at stake, I should not wait to be drafted for war but would volunteer. But I will do everything in my limited power to avoid going to a war brought on us merely by the emotional reactions of a few people.

I prefer the French and English way of life to that of Germany or Russia. I do not like the methods or morals of any of the dictatorships. But the horrors of modern war are more real than a preference in foreign governments.

If I have to go to war, if my family and my friends and my country are to be exposed to all the incalculable evils of war, then — not for my sake alone but for all these millions of Americans, combatants and noncombatants — it seems to me supremely important that it be for a very good reason. There does not appear to be much reason in much of what I have been hearing lately.

Apparently, a great many people, forgetting the bitter experiences of the recent past, are ready once more to throw everything overboard for emotion. I have heard a systematic appeal to indignation. I wondered what purpose this served. There was no need to arouse sympathy in this country. It was already aroused and unmistakable. I had supposed, in view of this fact, that writers and speakers would — with the coming of war — largely concentrate on an appeal for calm and careful inspection of the new developments in the light of our own position and future conduct. Surely — whatever we were to do — intelligence and reason, not passion, would serve us best. Instead, the country is flooded with an avalanche of inflammatory diatribes and editorials and grisly cartoons.

Apparently, the heroic attitude that looks forward to our eventual armed participation is on the march. Perhaps "heroic" is not quite the word. Since this attitude is not shared by anyone I know who is of military age and since it is directly contrary to the stand taken by the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion, it is not, evidently, the attitude of those who fought in the last war or of those who will fight in the next.

However, the sentiment behind it seems to have been clearly expressed in a long editorial published recently in one of our greatest newspapers. This wound up its declamation with the following:

"Hitler has said that this is victory or death for him. It is also victory or death for decent standards of international conduct and the democratic way of life."

Of course, once we have firmly acquired the idea that, if Great Britain and France lose, *all* democracy will be lost, then it is only a step, should the war begin to go against those nations, for us to enter immediately. In fact, a recent public-opinion poll indicated that 44 per cent of the public favored exactly this. A few large reverses and a few steps more, and we will have set out once again on that endless and viciously circular road of making the world "safe for democracy," of burying our citizens and our resources in Europe, of opening a Pandora's box of evils in our own country.

II

YOUNG MEN of my generation do not remember much about the last war. There were people selling Liberty Bonds; there was brown sugar; there were government stamps you made books of. Many of us had older brothers who went off to make the world safe for democracy, and some of them did not come back. You

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hated the lousy Huns and followed the process of their destruction with delight.

This attitude bred in the young was a long time wearing off. It came away in pieces, and each piece was a shock, like the destruction of earlier childish illusions.

After the war, I read somewhere that the Lafayette Escadrille, when it captured German fliers, honored them at mess, a courtesy shown also to Allied fliers by their German captors. This was a stunner. I was sure that if such prisoners had fallen into the hands of civilian populations they would have been torn to bloody bits. I began to sense that war in its reality was something different for the combatants from what it was for the women and old men who waved them on to battle.

Gradually the young men of my generation began to learn something about English as well as German chicanery and propaganda; about secret treaties and the ways of diplomacy. We learned about Wilson's Fourteen Points and his principle of self-determination and what had been done to that principle by Lloyd George and Clemenceau and the other figures who made the peace. In college we began to trace a European history of imperialism and nationalism and industrialism that started, in its present phase, in 1815. We discovered more about the occupation of the Ruhr and the German inflation and the general behavior of the Allies toward the German Republic in the postwar period. Finally, we learned that the peace which followed the "war to end wars" was only breeding a new one.

And we think now that we should not make the same mistake twice, particularly since this time it may prove a great deal more costly than the last.

This war begins when the world has not yet really emerged from its widest and worst economic depression. If it is a long war, win or lose, the present economic system of the democracies may well collapse. Such a tremendous change might produce a political upheaval. In fact, so far, it always has. A nation at war, even a democratic nation, is a temporary dictatorship. If a tremendous economic collapse should come when we were already mobilized and regimented, we might find that a "temporary" dictatorship had taken a much longer lease on life. It would be a rather crowning irony if we went to war to save democracy, won it, and emerged with a form of government indistinguishable from that of Nazi Germany or Communist Russia.

I merely mention this as worth consideration. It does not seem to be worth consideration by those who are busy drumming up war.

I do not, of course, think the possible cost and risk of war outweigh everything else. I am not a pacifist: I do not believe in "peace at any price." An attack on our vital interests is ample ground for war — and by such an attack I do not merely mean an invasion of our territory. Any power attempting to cut off the imports essential to our industry or our armaments could strangle us as a nation unless we broke that grip.

In other words, if we have to go to war for democracy, let us make certain it is first for the democracy of the United States of America and not for the British and French empires masquerading under a slogan. However much we may prefer the way of life in those empires to that in Hitlerian Germany or Stalinist Russia, it would be rather horrible to find, after such a sacrifice, that we had merely landed back in the old run-around of European politics.

And there is nothing in the past or present to indicate that this war is much of anything else.

The Royal Air Force has bombarded Germany with leaflets saying that Great Britain and France have no quarrel with the German people, only with the Nazis; that, if the German people will get rid of Hitler, there will be peace again and friendship among nations. In the later days of the World War, the English and French likewise bombarded German cities and German trenches with leaflets saying that they had no quarrel with the German people. They said that if the German people would get rid of their war lords, the British and French would welcome them back into the brotherhood of nations.

Well, Germany deposed the war lords and became a republic. And the French were so eager to welcome Germany into the brotherhood of nations that they rushed an army into Germany and occupied the Ruhr, remaining there, armed, for several years. And England only helped the Germans when she wanted to hamper France; and she opposed France because, with the war won, France had become the strongest Continental power.

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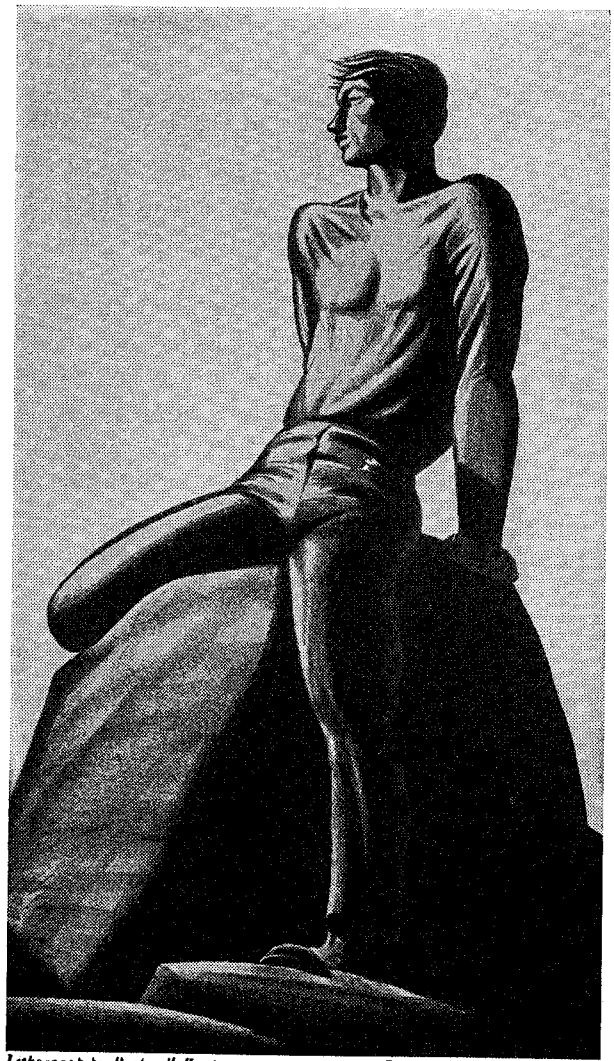
Of course this was merely being realistic, and I go back to it only to point out that this is a realist's game, whereas we are being appealed to in the name of a holy crusade.

Anyway, the German Republic was welcomed into the brotherhood of nations in name but not in fact. Nothing was done to cure the nation of its sicknesses. When even a few concessions might have restored German prestige and saved the German people for the Allies, nothing was done.

So the average German standing today in the street and reading those propaganda leaflets from the air should laugh hollowly. Because he threw the war lords off, but the English and French didn't seem to like the Republic any better; and he threw the Republic off, and they like Hitler even less.



Lithograph by Rockwell Kent — *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

III

If those who are building up the war temper in this country have any reasons that will stand a calm and rational examination, I should like to hear them. But I do not care to be asked how I should like it if Germany took over Bermuda and the West Indies. If we begin this way, we will have to fight every war England fights, so that she can keep these islands. Worst of all, this argument presupposes that we, the most powerful nation in the world if properly armed, should have no voice in a peace affecting our vital interests made between nations which — victor and vanquished alike — would be exhausted by a long war.

The same goes for the argument that, if Germany wins, we will have to fight her alone and without allies. All such arguments ask us to plunge into a dreadful and present act — senseless at the moment for the United States — on the basis of a lot of "if's" and "maybe's" and "supposing's."

We fought a war and got war debts and post-war debts — all repudiated. We fought for a slogan that was betrayed by those who invented it. We watched the Russian tyranny of the Czar topple and out of it rise the absolute, ruthless, autocratic dictatorship of Stalin. We saw the Kaiser and a Reichstag of liberals, progressives, conservatives, and socialists replaced by Adolf Hitler and a Reichstag of Nazis. In place of the limited Italian monarchy we have an absolute Italian dictatorship. And after it all, the British and French, our fellow crusaders, while busily hamstringing the German Republic (that government of the German people whom they did not hate) turned on us, a sister democracy, and seemed to hate us as never before.

We became "Uncle Shylock." This may have been a minor matter. But what was not a minor matter was that, though those countries accused us of bad faith in not joining the League of Nations, yet, when the first big test of the League and the Kellogg Pact came, over Manchukuo in 1931 and 1932, we alone offered those doctrines any effective support; and at this point England and France left us holding the bag.

They will not fight for anybody's mere democracy and yet they expect us to come to the rescue of theirs. They watched Spain go down the river and Czechoslovakia; and at last they have started to fight over Poland, not because Poland was a democracy — which she wasn't — but because Hitler's growing power

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and the proof that he meant to continue his offensives threatened their empires. Well, this is all right, naturally. It is at least to their honest self-interest. But it is not to our self-interest.

I submit that the British and French empires are not worth the price of our blood and death and sacrifice, of the further ruin of our economy and the jeopardizing of our form of government; not worth the long road of hatred and revenge and embroilment in quarrels that go back a thousand years and have very little to do with forms of government but much to do with national power and prestige.

IV

If, in spite of everything, we insist on embarking on a crusade for humanity and democracy, then let us do so honestly and give to history the example of a great nation who went to war solely for ideals and perished gloriously in the attempt. For we will have to fight the world.

After we have removed Hitler and the Nazis, freed Czechoslovakia and other oppressed minorities, we will have to kick Stalin and the Communists out of Russia and re-establish from Vladivostok to Archangel the right to vote. We will have to wage war on Franco in Spain and Mussolini in Italy to free those countries. We will have to topple the army clique in Japan after we have knocked Japan out of China.

Wait a minute — we are not through yet. We have to mop up Rumania, Hungary, and Turkey. And we have not yet touched our allies, those great democracies.

France rules an African empire of several million blacks — not to mention the inhabitants of French Indo-China — and these blacks and Indo-Chinese did not, the last I heard, have any great influence in the French government. They are merely called up for military service.

Lastly, we will have to fight England to make her let go of India. Some thirty-eight million inhabitants of England rule three hundred fifty million people in India, or about one fifth of the human race. And this one fifth of the human race, so far as it is articulate, does not want to be ruled by England. It would like a little more voice in its own government, along, in fact, the lines of democracy.

People of my generation are the ones who would have to fight. And they do not want to go to war unless it is to be clearly and distinctly for the safety and welfare of their country. Are they to be sent off to a war they do not believe in, which they believe will not help but will injure the country, only to uphold the beliefs of a few people who will probably stay home and continue their eloquent speechmaking?

There may, of course, come a time when we, as a nation, will have no intelligent choice but war. But at least when that time comes the issue will be fairly clear and definite; we shall know, at least, what we are fighting for.

Meanwhile, we cannot stick our heads in the sand. We should arm to the reasonable limit, as do other nations such as Switzerland and Holland, who are neutral and who find, perhaps, that they preserve their neutrality by so doing.

We can say without jingoism that we are citizens of the greatest democracy in the world. It is a country full of faults, and these need our attention and correction. If one half the energy that would go into a foreign war were turned back into solving these problems, we could make America not only the strongest but the happiest nation in the world today.

Meanwhile, let us not insult one another's intelligence by talking about again making the world "safe for democracy."

In an early issue:

'What I Believe,'

by John Strachey

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'It's a Military Impossibility'

How to Read the War News

by **LOWELL M. LIMPUS**

BEWARE of all war news. It is full of impossibilities. Some of them become spotlighted by subsequent developments, but the majority slip by, unnoticed by the general public. A great many, however, should be identified at sight by any intelligent person, because they violate ordinary rules of common sense.

The average reader will readily recall some outstanding examples: 8,000,000 FRENCHMEN MAN MAGINOT LINE; FINLAND MOBILIZES 300,000 TROOPS; POLISH HORSEMEN DRIVE ON BRESLAU; SIEGFRIED LINE SMASHED IN 11 PLACES; GERMANS RUSH 70 DIVISIONS TO WESTWALL IN WEEK. There were many more like these.

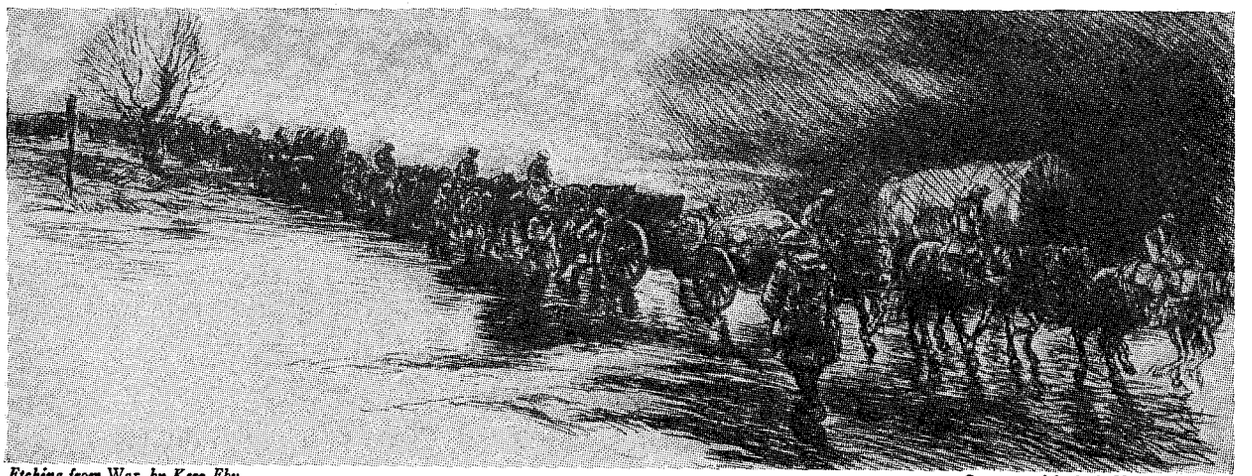
Did you believe these things? Did you expect the Allied planes to go winging to the rescue of Warsaw, the French Army to crash right into Germany after "cracking" the Siegfried Position, the British fleet to rush across the Baltic and save Gdynia?

Many did believe them. Yet every military man knew they were untrue at first glance. Each report chronicled a military impossibility.

Some of them, of course, were the result of pure propaganda. The French earnestly hoped that the Germans would believe that they had eight million men under arms, even though it is doubtful if the Nazi general staff was deceived for more than a couple of seconds. And the Finns knew that Russia would hesitate longer before three hundred thousand soldiers than thirty thousand.

Military men weren't deceived by such figures, but newspaper and magazine editors frequently accepted them blindly. I remember a very skillful and thoroughly experienced telegraph editor who swallowed them with naïve faith because they were "official government estimates." And his confidence remained unshaken by a whole stack of professional authorities.

Consider Finland, for instance. She didn't mobilize 300,000 troops, backed up by 150,000 special reservists for the simple reason that she never had any such force. Any military expert knew that the Finns mobilized on the first day a total of three infantry divisions, one cavalry brigade, and a single tank com-



Etching from War, *by Kerr Eby*

Courtesy of the Yale University Press

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pany. They totaled about thirty thousand men.

Any editor might have consulted any one of half a dozen authorities and avoided printing palpable nonsense. Dupuy and Eliot in their standard work, *If War Comes*, gave the Finns a regular army of 25,000, estimated that they could muster 50,000 men during the first week, and placed the entire trained man power of the nation at 125,000.

Hanson Baldwin, brilliant military writer for the *New York Times* and author of another recognized work, *The Caissons Roll*, listed the Finnish regular army at 30,000 men in his book and placed the total at 150,000. Most recent of all, *World in Arms*, by Major R. Ernest Dupuy, estimated the totals again at 25,000 and 125,000.

The average reader, of course, doesn't have such volumes within reach of his hand, nor does he have access to the excellent professional publications of our own Command and General Staff School or other service institutions. He cannot, therefore, place his finger on the correct facts as easily as the better equipped military investigator — but there are certain thundering mistakes which he may as easily detect.

Anybody can become his own military expert by keeping in mind a few simple principles, which will serve to sift out a great many impossibilities and even some of the improbabilities. These rules include the following:

Nonexistent Armies

Don't swallow flat statements about "millions" of men. They simply don't exist. The experts laughed over the reports of the eight million Frenchmen and the four million Russians sweeping into action during the first days of the war because they knew neither country could muster a fraction of such a force in the elapsed time.

"The global, potential man power of France is 6,000,000 men," wrote Dupuy in *World in Arms*, but he quickly added: "This figure is entirely theoretical and should not be used in calculating any immediately available fighting power."

Major Dupuy estimated that France could throw 630,000 troops, including those colonial units which were garrisoned in the mother country, into action as soon as the war started. He figured that the total war strength of France, available after sixty days of conflict — and that meant on November 1 — was 1,130,000 men, which is a far cry from the eight million of the headlines or even the six million which a great press service reported under arms at the end of two weeks.

The same authority gave Russia exactly 1,048,000 men, but he even qualified that: "Available at mobilisation points throughout Russia, not in any one area." Thus he limited the total. And sixty days after mobilization he gave the Soviets 1,281,000 soldiers. In fact, Dupuy doesn't think the Russians ever can muster more than 2,011,000 passable troops. "It is not believed that material exists today in Russia to put more than that strength into the field, properly equipped, armed and led."

Baldwin seems to agree with him, incidentally. *The Caissons Roll* gives the Reds a total of 1,050,000 in the regular army plus reserves, with "perhaps only about 1,000,000 well trained."

The man power of other nations also dissolves rapidly under the microscope of expert inspection. Poland's 1,500,000 became exactly 421,000 "mobilisable within ten days," but Germany's swarming might was cut to 756,000 regulars, plus 2,250,000 reserves, "not first line combat troops." And England emerged with less than 400,000 troops of all classifications.

It is instructive to note some of the figures on other countries. We find the total troops available in Italy to number 1,450,000, while Holland has 480,000 and Switzerland 450,000. Rumania can muster 392,000, and Yugoslavia 350,000, but Belgium's total is only 170,000. Bulgaria and Greece are given about the same number of soldiers each — 120,000 — while Hungary can produce only 70,000 armed and ready.

The great masses of men about which we've been hearing so much are purely imaginary. Beware of the war correspondent who deals in such impressive totals.

The Fighting Unit

Rule number two: Compare divisions available — not total numbers of men — whenever possible.

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The results are much more instructive, the conclusions much more valuable. Masses of men don't fight wars. Divisions do. The division is what counts. It is the regular, fighting *team*, composed of allied combat branches, which swings into action and actually does battle.

Preponderance in mere numbers doesn't mean much. China and Japan are glaring examples. But preponderance in well-trained, well-equipped divisions is generally a decisive factor.

In most armies the division is a balanced force, the backbone of which is infantry supported by mobile artillery. It also contains engineers, medical units, and service personnel. Each division usually totals 15,000 to 16,000 men, though the United States is experimenting with a smaller "streamlined" unit and the Japanese utilize a larger one than anybody else.

There are special kinds of divisions which should enter into the calculations, however — cavalry, mechanized, and motorized. All of them travel faster and cover more ground than the infantry division but all are used to smooth the way for its advance. In general organization they all resemble the infantry division, except for the equipment of the majority of the soldiers that compose the particular force.

The cavalry division contains horsemen, mobile artillery, and service troops, but horses usually draw the guns and baggage wagons, as is the case with the ordinary infantry division.

The motorized division transports men and supplies by gasoline-motor-operated vehicles, but the infantrymen are armed as usual and fight with rifles in routine fashion when they reach the battlefield. Motorized divisions are infantry divisions on wheels.

The mechanized division fights on wheels, however, whereas the motorized division simply marches on wheels. The mechanized division is a comparatively new development. It contains light and heavy tanks, armored cars, and masses of machine guns. The theory of its use involves striking a heavy blow with smashing speed and power. Germany's mechanized divisions proved their worth this autumn in Poland.

There aren't many mechanized divisions in the world today. The Nazis had three or four fully equipped and prepared to fight at the outbreak of the war and three more partly organized. They also had four motorized divisions. France has four, Russia three, and England one.

The motorized and mechanized forces are therefore merely a small percentage of the armies in the field. Nobody knows the exact number of divisions mobilized by each nation, except its own general staff, but the approximate total is a fairly open secret.

Military experts pretty generally agreed that Germany, for example, mustered about 125 divisions at the beginning of the war — and she may have added 20 or 30 since. France probably threw 50 or 60 into the fray at once, and has nearly doubled that number during the autumn. England produced not more than 10 as her original contribution and can't half match the French effort before next spring. Poland didn't even have time to get as many as 30 divisions mobilized before the German wave was upon her.

The experts differ concerning the Russian organization. Dupuy thinks the Reds have only twenty-six good infantry divisions — an estimate which Baldwin considers far too low. There is no doubt however that Stalin's army includes the last great mass of horsemen in the world. The Red army contains some fifteen cavalry divisions. The Poles had almost as many on paper, but it is doubtful if they got into action. They proved ineffective when they met the mechanized forces.

Military students seem to think that mechanized divisions are stronger than ordinary infantry divisions, but nobody believes they are impregnable — and few experts care to risk an estimate of the proportionate difference. They agree that mechanized troops, aided by an overwhelming air supremacy which neutralizes antitank fire, ought to mop up an ordinary division but they're not *sure* that it can do so. There are so many extraneous factors to consider.

In dealing with motorized and mechanized troops, however, it must be remembered that they travel fifteen to twenty times as fast as ordinary units — and the high-water mark of the raiders doesn't indicate the advance of the main body.

This leads up to another rule:

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Nightmare of Logistics

Don't expect armies to move fast. They can't.

The men must take time out to eat and sleep and occasionally rest. They can't run away from their supplies of food and ammunition, which must be painstakingly brought up from the rear.

Individual units, such as those that composed Stonewall Jackson's famous "foot cavalry," may tear off a twenty-six-mile march in a single day, but entire armies can't move at a fraction of that speed. An infantry division can't be expected to advance more than twelve miles a day, even if it is merely marching through the country without opposition. Our own general staff sets an average daily advance of ten miles as the standard. And an army which is driving the enemy back at the rate of six miles per day is scoring a smashing success.

Headlines again prove deceptive. That slashing Nazi raid through Poland averaged only ten miles per day for its very best units. The German dash across Belgium and northern France in the World War averaged a little less. Von Schlieffen, Germany's great strategist, allowed three full weeks for the raiders to cross Belgium when he drew up the famous "plan" that was to guide his successors for half a century.

Only a mechanized army could expect to do much better. And it should be recalled that no nation is equipped to throw more than one or two mechanized armies into the field, whereas modern wars are fought between whole "groups" of armies. The balance of the group couldn't keep up with a speedy mechanized-army rush — and no staff officer will soon forget what happened to the victorious Germans at the First Marne when von Kluck's First Army managed to get thirty-six hours in advance of the other four armies that constituted the invading force.

An "army," it should be remembered, is an elastic tactical unit. It usually contains one or more corps, and each corps is composed of two or more divisions, plus special heavy artillery, aviation, and other units. The "army" in turn is yoked with other armies to form an "army group" under a single command. Not one of them can run fast.

Most of the divisions in each army are provided with horse- or mule-drawn artillery and baggage and ammunition trains. At best they can march only 20 miles a day, even though the trucks and light motorized artillery do 175 to 200. And each corps occupies 100 miles of road space as it crawls along.

The movement of men and supplies brings up the question of logistics — and "logistics" is a word the mere thought of which will cause the average staff officer to shudder. In its military sense, logistics means the juggling of vast quantities of troops, ammunition, food, and what not over railways and highways which go to the wrong places, utilizing trains that always have hotboxes or trucks that always break down, across bridges that have always been blown up a few hours before. The transfer of men and trains is a never ending, never exactly duplicated, never neglectable problem, and its solution can't be speeded up.

That was one reason why experts chuckled over the reports which rushed seventy German divisions from the Polish front to the Westwall in one week. They knew that the mechanized and motorized divisions might have made such a trip but that the rest of the force was then still trying to dig its way out of the Polish mud.

And how did they know this?

Well, consider a single item — water, for instance.

Moving seventy divisions meant delivering more than 5,000,000 gallons of water at a different series of camps each night. And troops on the move can't depend on the countryside for water. It may be infected. Consequently the problem involved the chemical treatment and transportation of at least 1,000,000 gallons of the total. That water had to be transported in trucks each day.

Most armies use fleets of tank trucks for the purpose. We move them in units of seventeen trucks each, and every unit carries about 13,000 gallons. Divide 1,000,000 by 13,000, then multiply by 17 and see how many trucks you need. Staff officers then have to figure out where and how to route those columns of trucks, so that they won't interfere with the marching troops but will meet them at every camping place.

They were also forced to consider the fact that they must have 20 gallons of gasoline waiting to refill each truck's gas tank when it pulled in with its load of water — wherever

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that was. And that brought up a new problem involving tank trucks carrying gasoline to supply the tank trucks that carried water.

There were a lot of other similar problems — delivering 60 tons of rations to every division every day, not to mention 30 tons of wood, hay, and other commodities. And, as each division approached the fighting line, the bedeviled logistics experts were forced to add 266 tons of small-arms ammunition to their calculations (of course the artillery required more).

All of which illustrates the next rule:

It's Not So Simple

DON'T RELY too much on reports of brief battles.

A modern battle is apt to be a long-drawn-out affair. It is seldom decisive within a few hours. It will probably be several days before the outcome is definitely known — and the screaming headlines that originally report the result are really telling about preliminary skirmishing.

Erroneous — or at least premature — reports of the outcome of the battle of Warsaw were circulated and printed fully two weeks before it was over. History is full of such happenings. Sometimes the army commanders themselves can't tell what has happened until later.

At 4 P.M. on the second day of the Battle of Chickamauga, General Rosecrans sent a despairing wire to Washington, saying, "My army has been whipped and routed." Not until hours later did he learn that his subordinate, Thomas, had held his rocklike position on the field to check the victors, saved the Army of the Cumberland, and made possible the occupation of Chattanooga.

Great battles are usually prefaced by maneuvers and skirmishes which can frequently be followed on the map for days beforehand. It is therefore sensible to cast a cynical eye over reports of "battles" that seem to have come up overnight and to have been "decided" in a few hours. They usually prove to be advance-guard actions or simple raids.

Austria won a whole series of minor engagements in the 1914 Galicia campaign, but the battle proper lasted 10 days, and, when it was over, her armies fell back, never to return. Russia, losing skirmishes, had muddled through to victory.

The fifth rule is: Don't expect the obvious.

It usually isn't as simple as it seems on the map — and, if it is, the enemy has probably figured it out, too.

If you can visualize a perfectly stunning movement from the morning-paper dispatches and Johnny's old seventh-grade-geography map, isn't it possible that the foeman's staff officers, equipped with much more reliable information and large-scale charts — professional soldiers as they are — have been able to see it, too? And isn't it likewise possible that they may have evolved an equally crushing countermove which may have escaped your notice?

British battleships didn't hurl themselves into the Baltic to save Gdynia, for instance, because the only channel deep enough for them to navigate would have brought them up in single file right under the guns of major German fortifications.

Allied planes didn't rush to the aid of Warsaw because they were leashed down by what the staff calls the "operating radius of action."

That's a very definite and unyielding figure, which staff officers figure out long before a war and beyond which they don't think planes should fly because they doubt if they could be expected to come back. It isn't the "effective range of action," which makes an allowance for emergencies, and it is far from being the "operating range," which doesn't. But it is a definite standard, and the soldier who violated it couldn't avoid feeling responsible for any disaster that might follow.

We don't know the exact figure for the Allied bombing planes' "operating radius of action" but we do know that those for our own would have kept our ships at home under similar circumstances. A good, safe guess for such an operating radius is 600 miles. But that doesn't mean for all planes. That's for bombing planes only. Of course you can figure 1,000 for some types of fighters, but it's less than 300 for most of the combat ships that should accompany the bombers into action.

The final rule: Discount every dispatch.

The hallmark of the genuine expert is the manner in which he reacts to a military dispatch. He frequently picks it up and says: "Why this isn't true. It's a military impossibility."

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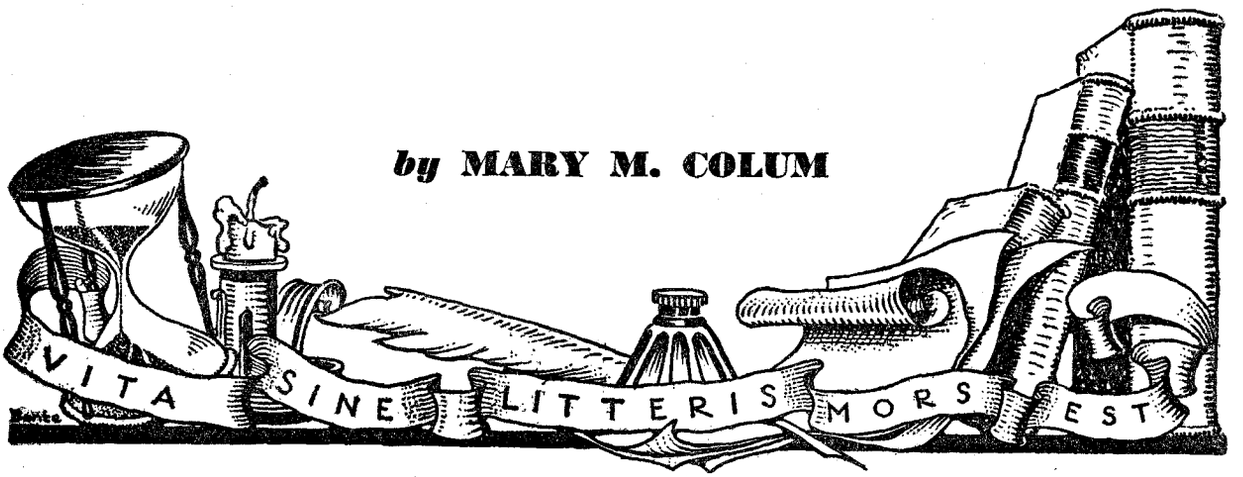
Life and Literature

*Literary Pioneers and Re-creators**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

THE SECOND HALF of the nineteenth century will be remembered as the period when human psychology began to be seriously investigated, and sex to be studied not as if it were a disgraceful function but as something normally common to the bulk of the human race. The two outstanding figures connected with these studies, Sigmund Freud and Havelock Ellis, died this year within a short period of each other; both were in their eighties. Each had once to endure prejudices and ostracism of a kind that future generations will find hard to understand. But Sigmund Freud and Havelock Ellis left the minds of men less confined than they found them.

That everything relating to sex can now be discussed freely is owing largely to the work of these two investigators; that the homosexual has the right to live and be regarded with more or less tolerance is owing more to Havelock Ellis than to any other writer. That women in Anglo-Saxon countries have a vote, that they have made considerable progress toward social equality with men are, more than is commonly realized, owing to Ellis' writing, as for something like half a century he was outstanding amongst those who advocated complete social equality of men and women. To him and to Freud is owing the modern attitude toward insanity, the increasing tendency to regard it as a disease like any other disease. Ellis, more than Freud, perhaps, was inclined to believe that, fundamentally, there was not much difference between criminals and the insane. What the world owes both these men is very great.

In spite of the resemblance between their general conclusions and psychological attitudes, the two, at bottom, were so different in temperament, in mental and emotional equipment, that it is difficult to think of them in the same terms. Though both were medical men, outside that they had divergent trainings. In his chosen work, Havelock Ellis was self-trained; Freud had worked with most of the great men of his time in the psychological field, beginning with Charcot.

There is, besides, no doubt but that Freud was the greater man. He was more single-minded; he had more natural sincerity — for sincerity is a gift of the gods, like beauty or talent, and no one can be sincere simply by desiring to be. Freud could not write a line that did not convey a mental directness, a combined sincerity of thought and emotion; no matter how mentally sincere Havelock Ellis was, his literary style arouses doubts of his integral emotional sincerity. It was doubtless true that Freud was arrogant and intolerant of disagreement, but single-minded people who have worked against fearful odds to put over what they believe to be the truth are likely to be intolerant. Freud was persecuted at the end as in

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* My Life, *by Havelock Ellis (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75);* Christmas Holiday, *by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50);* The Nazarene, *by Sholem Asch (Putnam, $2.75);* Night of the Poor, *by Frederic Prokosch (Harper, $2.50);* Man of Glory: Simon Bolivar, *by Thomas Rourke (Morrow, $3.50);* American Drama Since 1918, *by Joseph Wood Krutch (Random House, $2.50).*

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the beginning, and died an exile from the land of his birth and the city identified with his work.

The early prejudice against Havelock Ellis dissipated; his life work was a success; and in his old age, as he writes in the preface to his autobiography, "the precious, unsought balms of love and devotion, almost of worship, poured on my head." He left his autobiography, *My Life*, which he considered the most "perdurable piece of work" he was likely to leave behind. His chief effort in life, he tells us, was to help others, and he wanted his autobiography to be a help to people in their problems. To be of such help, it would have to be, he decided, a real spiritual biography.

In all literature, according to him, there are only three genuine and first-class autobiographies: Rousseau's *Confessions*, Saint Augustine's, Casanova's *Memoirs*. These are genuinely intimate accounts of the writers' lives and temperaments, and Rousseau's *Confessions* are, for Havelock Ellis, a model of their kind. Indeed, we get the impression of a very Rousseauan personality in *My Life* — Rousseauan in its neuroticism, in its extreme sympathy with women, in its self-centeredness, its reserves and lack of reserves. But Ellis had even more of a sentimental attitude toward himself than Jean Jacques had. He was of a seafaring ancestry, and this fact drew out romantic notions about himself:

> I am born of the water and the wind. . . . I am English of the sea. . . . The note of earthiness is not present. . . . The quality of clinging tenacity towards all I have ever loved is only a form of that fidelity which Conrad declared to be the chief virtue of the sailor.

Unlike Rousseau, he does not, on the whole, find many undesirable qualities in himself. Even though he unconsciously discloses his egoism and his sanctimoniousness, he seems to have been a very kindly and affectionate person, one without worldliness, without ambition in the vulgar sense, but with a conviction that he had a great life's work to do. Whatever religious beliefs he acquired in youth as well as all current conventions as to sex early evaporated from him.

An Experiment in Marriage

The bulk of *My Life* is taken up with accounts of his relationship to his wife, Edith, who died in 1916. Havelock Ellis and his wife set out to solve a problem which may, in actual fact, be insoluble except for a few exceptional persons. They wanted to have a union that would not exclude intimate friendships with members of the other sex. It was a period of experiments of this sort. Ellis and his wife were to live together and yet be as independent as possible. They started with the belief, stronger on his side than on hers, that a relationship between a man and a woman was their own private affair and did not need the sanctification of church or law unless there were children — and they agreed that in their case there were not to be any. Later, they were legally married, each deciding to contribute equally to joint expenses and to have at times separate residences so as to preserve the freshness and interest of their relationship. As Joseph Wood Krutch notes in his book on the drama, Havelock Ellis' influence was the sanction for the Bohemianism of a generation ago and the literature that came out of it.

Did their experiment succeed? To some extent it did. Their union lasted for something like twenty-three years; shortly before Mrs. Ellis's death they were legally separated.

Havelock Ellis wanted to convince his wife that the sort of devotion he gave her he gave to nobody else. Before Edith there had been that remarkable woman, Olive Schreiner; his friendship with her lasted after both their marriages, and Edith seems to have been devoted to her. Then, after marriage, Edith arrived at the point of accepting one Amy. During Edith's absence on a lecture trip in America, Havelock took up with an American woman whom he calls M; this relationship seems to have got very definitely on Edith's nerves, even though in an American interview she gave it as her opinion that a wife should "love the woman one's man cares for."

Theoretically she acquiesced in Ellis' notions, in his oft repeated announcement that there should be no artificial hindrances in the way of human development but complete freedom for man's deepest instincts to have free play. Havelock Ellis was not unique in these ideas; other distinguished Englishmen put them forward also — among them Grant Allen, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell. But, though Edith Ellis did her best to accept them, her temperament seems to have been somewhat allergic to these beliefs, judging by the nervous

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states she got into and by the fact that, shortly after the affair with M, she broke off the relationship, tried to commit suicide, and was confined for a while to a mental home. It may be, as her husband thinks, that Edith was always a neurotic personality. Then there was something in her American tour that upset her; her lectures were about Ellis and his ideas, and it might be that, the more she lectured on them, the less she swallowed them. And it must be remembered that this country was full of war propagandists at the time and that her determined neutrality in a neutral country, her refusal to give up her German friends, her unconventional attitude to the war led to a whispering campaign against her. An attempt was made to harm her with the women's clubs by spreading a story that she was not, legally, Havelock Ellis' wife.

While it is possible that the revelations in *My Life* will be a help to some people, it seems to me the help will be in the direction of a conviction that any old prosy marital relationship is better than this experimental stuff. As shown in this book, the relationship between Ellis and his wife seems to have been very neurotic; there is in it a strained emotionalism that is not very different from what is in that half-mad book of Strindberg's on his relations with women. Some of what is recorded is of a triviality that passes belief — accounts of the time he got his wife's breakfast and bath; how he exclaimed, "My baby!" when she twisted her foot. Then there are interminable sentimental letters conveying over and over again the same protestations of devotion and neurotic concern. These two were, if not ardently devoted to each other, at least obsessed with each other. After her death, Havelock Ellis settled down in tranquillity with a lady named Françoise, in a relationship which he describes as a "beautiful and prolonged episode." However, he tells us nothing more about it; it might be a help if he informed us whether those recurrent friendships with women which had so upset his wife had ceased in his more mature relationship with Françoise.

Maugham's Technique

However much discussion, however much criticism of its author *My Life* will cause, the fact remains that Havelock Ellis was one of the spiritual emancipators of our time; in emancipating literature, if not life, from all sorts of stodgy conventions, his role was considerable. We can truly say that but for him and for Freud a book like Somerset Maugham's *Christmas Holiday* with a character like Robert Berger as the central figure could not have been written. Nor would it have been possible to treat as Maugham does its sex episodes, before those two psychologists' influence had been felt.

Robert Berger is the most successful and unforced portrayal of a psychopathic personality that is in any contemporary novel that I know. So successful is it that after contemplating it we will be disposed to suspect that all plausible and insinuating persons whom we encounter in life are a bit abnormal. And the character and career of Berger are presented with a technique of such deftness that we hardly realize that he never appears physically in the book but during the whole period covered by *Christmas Holiday* is a convict on Devil's Island.

Berger is heard of first when a young Englishman, Charley Mason, goes to Paris for a Christmas holiday, and is escorted to a brothel by his friend, Simon Fennimore, an English journalist. There he meets the young Russian, Lydia, who had been Berger's wife. Her story and her husband's are first told to Charley by Lydia, then by Simon, who has reported the murder trial in which Berger was the culprit. This device throws a light on every character in the novel.

The tale has the fascination of a detective story, and the steps by which the murderer is discovered are presented with the skill of one who has investigated detective methods with thoroughness. We are given the trial, including the testimony of the mental experts that the fascinating, beloved son and husband was "ruthless, devoid of moral sense, unscrupulous, and insensible to remorse." We get the loving, engaging testimony of Lydia, who remains bound to her husband forever and who degrades herself in the brothel as a sort of expiation for his crime. We get the picture of the great French criminal lawyer defending Berger against the psychological experts. We get a final view of Berger from an ex-convict who comes to see Lydia in a café and tells her of her husband's life on Devil's Island. The whole is a masterly and convincing revelation of a psychopathic personality.

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In Charley's friend, Simon, we see the revolutionary fanatic in the making — the man who does not want to appear in the forefront but prefers to pull the strings behind the scenes, in the manner of the head of a secret-police force. The Russianness of Lydia, so different from the Englishness of Charley, from all that is even comprehensible to him, is depicted in a way that recalls the characters in the great Russian novels. Like a fragment of wreckage cast ashore from a ship that has foundered, she, washed up from her husband's crime, spends her life in bitter atonement, weeping at night in her sleep, weeping at midnight mass at Christmas, an alien in a strange land where she serves the lusts of strange men.

There is a little Maugham lecture on art which might at first seem dragged in, but it manages to reveal the Russianness of Lydia and her difference from the young Englishman who admires the works of art he has been taught to admire. She shows him a little Chardin, which, she explains, is greater for her than the Titians and da Vincis because it shows, with a loaf of bread and a flagon of wine, the things the poor live by and through which they hold communion with others. She loves in art only what has a relation to her life, her life as it touches others. In a subtle and suggestive way *Christmas Holiday* shows the change that is coming over a world in a state of transition far more profoundly than any tract or propaganda could do.

Re-creation of New Testament History

No two novelists could be more different than Somerset Maugham and Sholem Asch, yet both convey to us that the action of their books is taking place in a changing world where old beliefs and values are, some of them, being completely destroyed, some taking on a new significance and a new lease of life. Though he is nowhere explicit about it, Sholem Asch makes us feel in *The Nazarene* a parallel between the disasters now befalling the Jewish people and the trial and death of Jesus — or, as he appears in this book, the Rabbi Yeshua. He makes us feel, too, that the teaching and trial and death of Jesus brought a period in history to an end, a period that had brought a shameful degree of degradation through poverty in the populace and a shameful degree of luxury and ruthlessness in the rich — very like the period we now live in. It is a timely and beautiful book, written originally in Yiddish but translated into flowing and vital English by Maurice Samuel.

As a start for *The Nazarene* Sholem Asch has taken over the doctrine of reincarnation. The characters in the opening are reincarnations of two contemporaries of Jesus — one, the Polish scholar, Pan Viadomsky, is the reincarnation of Corneilus, the adjutant of Pontius Pilate; and the other, a Polish-Jewish scholar, is the reincarnation of a pupil of Nicodemus. Through the memories of these two and through a lost gospel, the gospel according to Judas Iscariot, somehow in the possession of Pan Viadomsky, we get the account of the active years of Jesus Christ. And it should be said here that this account is one that will give no offense whatever to the Christian believer, for Sholem Asch treats the central figure of Christianity with reverence, making him a superhuman figure if not a divine one.

The Nazarene is no rationalization of the miraculous story of Christ, as is George Moore's *The Brook Kerith* or Maeterlinck's play about Mary Magdalene. The author gives us scenes with Jesus that are in the gospels and scenes which are not in the gospels but which seem very probable. But the figure given us, though very arousing, has but little of the strange dimensions of the figure given by Matthew, Mark, and Luke. In the first place, it is probably impossible to put into a drama or a story as a living figure a personage who has made history in a major way. Shakespeare, for example, did not really try to give us the great Julius Caesar; he emptied the living Caesar in his play of all extraordinariness and he put all the extraordinariness into Caesar's ghost. But the task of putting Julius Caesar into a work of art was simple compared with the task of dealing with Jesus. For Jesus exists in the most superbly told stories that the world has ever been given; we know him intimately in a manner in which we know no other great historical figure.

And yet, remarkable to say, Sholem Asch does succeed in presenting us with a figure that might have changed the world. He manages this somehow because he sees the world in which Jesus moved as a man does in a clear vision. And he is helped to this vision by his knowledge of Hebrew poetry, custom, and

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character. This knowledge, together with his great compassion for people, makes him a wonderful interpreter of that tumultuous world in which Jesus laid the foundation of Christianity.

Sholem Asch excels in certain other literary qualities: more than any other contemporary novelist I know of, he can give a sense of a historic crisis and he can show vast and diverse multitudes affected by that crisis. He did this in his novel of the Russian revolution, *Three Cities*, and he does it in *The Nazarene*. As soon as we get into a book of his, we are in the middle of a crowd — we feel the density and drag of the crowd. And, no matter what he is writing about, no matter how far back in time, we feel he is revealing to us our own world — our temples filled with money-changers, our priests in control of wealth, and the poor left without a place to lay their heads.

Oversimplified Characters

A world in dissolution is the theme of many writers today. It is the theme of Frederic Prokosch's *Night of the Poor*. This is a good book, full of movement and imagery, its writing endowed with charm and a kind of poetry. But it has not the importance that the praise of other books of this author, quoted on the jacket, would lead us to expect. Frederic Prokosch may develop the powers of a great writer, but these are not really palpable in *Night of the Poor*.

Prokosch takes a youth named Tom and has him drift through Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, and into Texas. He meets odd characters — men and women, young and old, white and colored — and even when they are on farms or in houses in towns they give the sense of being rootless, people who are always ready to become nomads. The people whom Tom encounters are mostly jailbirds, bums, vagrants. The author would have us look on them as specimens of the millions who inhabit the United States or who roam from State to State.

> Their vehemence is merely the rich, sad vehemence of the impermanent and the anonymous. Each one is a changing part of a changing whole. In each one is buried the real history of a land and an era as well as the verdict of the dead and the prophecy of the unborn.

Now it seems to me that Frederic Prokosch has not invested his people with enough significance to give reality to this idea. Even the lowest human beings, bums and jailbirds, have more introspection, more inner struggle — more mind, in short — than our younger novelists endow them with. The central character of *Night of the Poor*, the youth called Tom, is supposed to have acquired some development in the course of his wandering; but this development is merely his becoming a little harder and a little tougher.

There have been American writers who have given us the nomad youth and the goalless adult — Mark Twain in the "Mississippi" books and Sherwood Anderson in *The Triumph of the Egg* — and at the same time have given them the inner life that belongs to human beings. When we compare *Night of the Poor* with such books, we see how far Frederic Prokosch has still to go. But even at this stage there is a great deal in his work to justify the enthusiasm which has greeted him. There are some pages in *Night of the Poor* that actually challenge comparison with Maxim Gorky.

Heroes of Legendary Stature

Much reading of the younger novelists is apt to make one pine for a book with heroic appeal. One has just been published, a biography: *Man of Glory: Simon Bolivar*. Almost in our own epoch, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Bolivar re-enacted the role of the traditional hero as we know him from Homeric times. His latest biographer, Thomas Rourke, is the very type of writer to project such an individual, for he is fascinated by the incredible personality of a man who won incredible victories and he knows the background of strange magnificence against which the Liberator appeared — the Andes and Andean cities. Bolivar's aides, too, were the sort of men who could be treated like the paladins in the *Song of Roland*.

When the English General Rooke, after a terrible march across the Andes, is dying, he exclaims, "Viva la Patria!" holding up the stump of the arm that the surgeon has just amputated. "What Patria?" the surgeon asks him. "You have fought for England and Ireland, and which Patria do you mean?" "The Patria I am dying for," is the answer.

Paez, as his Negro aide rides furiously toward him, calls out, asking what he has to report. "That I am dead," cries the rider,

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opening his cloak to show his torn breast. This is worthy of the dark Othello.

Simon Bolivar died at forty-seven; in eleven years he had liberated half a dozen countries and given them governments. Thomas Rourke makes us realize how closely the career of Bolivar corresponds to the pattern of the traditional hero — the figure that in the modern world has been dismissed as a creation of myth and folklore. The traditional hero was represented as remarkable in appearance, with continuous success and glory up to a certain point, with an unexplainable decline and a death in obscurity. Though associated with many women, he founds no dynasty, leaves no descendants. This is actually the pattern that comes through the biography of the Liberator of South America. Only such conditions as prevailed in the South America of the early nineteenth century could have permitted the reappearance in life of figures out of the epics and the chansons.

Simon Bolivar belonged to that tremendous race of young men who came into existence at the end of the eighteenth century, such young men as have never since appeared: men of action who were men of thought, soldiers who were orators, men who were capable of being moved by great ideas. Bonaparte, Danton, St. Just, Robert Emmet, Pitt, Pushkin were a few of them. But Bolivar was something more than they: he was of the breed of Conquistadors like Cortez and Pizarro. Thomas Rourke has done the job of presenting this personality with some of the theatricality that Bolivar himself cultivated; in reminding us of a life of action, thought, and sacrifice in a degree that does not seem to be possible in our time, he has shown us what nobility there can be in men.

A Rarity in Dramatic Criticism

After a biography crammed with dramatic situations, we have a book on the theater. A good book of dramatic criticism is rare, as one finds when one goes to look for one. When written by a real critic, such a book has an interest that long survives the shows it deals with. We can read with great interest Bernard Shaw on the London drama of the 'eighties and 'nineties, and *American Drama Since 1918*, by Joseph Wood Krutch, has some of the same interest as Shaw's *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*. We have a good many critics who can assess the entertainment values of dramatic productions but very few who are capable of any inclusive thought about the theater. Mr. Krutch is able to give generalizations that illumine the whole problem of producing in the theater a work which may also belong to the realm of literature. Take this about the place of ideas in a play:

> Ideas are born and ideas are propagated. They are also explored and assimilated, and lived with. Shaw and Ibsen happen to be dramatists concerned with the propagation of ideas. . . . Shakespeare was a dramatist who explored the emotional consequence of the fundamental attitudes which he borrowed from the Elizabethan man in the street. And most of the best American dramatists in the past two decades have been, in that one respect, more like Shakespeare than Shaw.

As a dramatic critic, Joseph Wood Krutch shows his stature in his criticism of Eugene O'Neill as a dramatist. Describing *Mourning Becomes Electra* as a tragedy in the truly grand manner, he shows us that only by comparing it with the greatest works of dramatic literature can we really discover what its shortcoming is: "The one thing conspicuously missing is language." The situations, the conception demand, in this more than in any other play of the contemporary theater, a great utterance. But Eugene O'Neill, perhaps through mere lack of contact with articulate people, never developed an aural imagination. Says Krutch:

> *Mourning Becomes Electra* therefore remains only the best tragedy in English which the present century has produced. That is the penalty we pay for living in an age whose most powerful dramatist cannot rise above prose.

The *American Drama Since 1918* is not merely a survey of Broadway plays in the last two decades; it is a proof that writing interestingly about the theater entails a knowledge of the whole of dramatic literature and some philosophical idea about the dramatist's place in the realm of imagination.

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Many FORUM readers find the Quiz a stimulating source of entertainment when friends drop in or at parties. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, KATE SMITH, well-known radio actress, scored 65. A businessman scored 75, a housewife 62½. Answers on page xii of advertising section.

1. Which of these books is now referred to in Washington as "The Sour Grapes of Wrath"?
(*a*) *"Modern Miracle Men," by J. D. Ratcliff*
(*b*) *"Juggernaut," by Albert Carr*
(*c*) *"After Seven Years," by Raymond Moley*

2. Aunt Clytemnestra, in whom the fires of life burn bright, recently had a lover's quarrel with her beau, Herkimer, aged sixty-seven. Auntie lost out. In fact, she was rendered *hors de combat*, which means she:
(*a*) *was flattened with one blow*
(*b*) *was killed* (*c*) *was unable to continue*
(*d*) *lost the fight but won Herkimer's love*

3. Which of these men has influenced modern education most?
(*a*) *John Dewey* (*b*) *George Santayana*
(*c*) *John W. Studebaker* (*d*) *Irving Babbitt*

4. Little Agamemnon, aged five, has also been finding the path of true love a rough one. "I hate women," he says, which makes him:
(*a*) *a misogamist* (*b*) *a misogynist* (*c*) *a misologist*

5. The outstanding trotting horse of 1939 is:
(*a*) *Halley's Comet* (*b*) *Peter Astra* (*c*) *Lady Win*

6. "Don't give up the ship," was first said by Captain Lawrence to:
(*a*) *a seasick sailor on the "Merrimac," 1862*
(*b*) *the crew of the "Chesapeake," 1813*
(*c*) *officers and men of the "Ranger," 1778*

7. At a cocktail party you are introduced to two middle-aged brothers named John and George Hartford. Hartford? Oh, yes, they're in the _____ business:
(*a*) *meat-packing* (*b*) *monkey* (*c*) *mining*
(*d*) *grocery* (*e*) *newspaper* (*f*) *oil*

8. The French phrase *amour propre* means:
(*a*) *self-esteem* (*b*) *proper conduct* (*c*) *true love*

9. And the First Lord of the British Admiralty is:
(*a*) *Sir John Simon* (*b*) *Earl Beatty*
(*c*) *Viscount Gort* (*d*) *Winston Churchill*

10. Between ourselves, the world's population is now:
(*a*) *one billion* (*b*) *two billion* (*c*) *three billion*

11. Some men just look dumb when they read that "the bride was dressed in white moire," but any woman knows the bride wore:
(*a*) *a lace dress* (*b*) *shorts and a bandanna bra*
(*c*) *tulle* (*d*) *material with a watered effect*

12. Which would you say was the world's largest bank?
(*a*) *Chase Bank of N. Y.* (*b*) *National City of N. Y.*
(*c*) *Barclays of London* (*d*) *First National of Peoria*

13. Aunt Clytemnestra, given to many enthusiasms, has just announced that she is going to do a little calypso singing herself. Very properly you'd remark:
(*a*) *"How nice, Auntie; learn it in Trinidad?"*
(*b*) *"You can't put a spell on me."* (*c*) *"Ah, Brahms!"*
(*d*) *"Okay, Auntie; I'll play the glockenspiel."*

14. The No. 1 acting couple on the American stage is:
(*a*) *Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic*
(*b*) *Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur*
(*c*) *Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt*

15. Which one of these statements is false?
(*a*) *A "fellow traveler" is a communist sympathizer.*
(*b*) *Bananas have no bones.*
(*c*) *Daumier was mainly a landscape painter.*

16. If John Payne Collier, James Macpherson, and Thomas Chatterton were to meet in a bar somewhere in limbo, one might overhear them talking about:
(*a*) *their literary forgeries* (*b*) *engravings*
(*c*) *paintings* (*d*) *scientific discoveries*

17. The character, Mr. Pecksniff, appears in Dickens' novel *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the reader soon despises him because he is a:
(*a*) *man who teaches small boys to steal*
(*b*) *ranting hypocrite* (*c*) *shiftless tramp*

18. "The lunatic fringe" is an apt phrase coined by the late:
(*a*) *Joseph Choate* (*b*) *Chauncey Depew*
(*c*) *Theodore Roosevelt*

19. Which one of these firms does the most business?
(*a*) *Marshall Field* (*b*) *R. H. Macy*
(*c*) *Sears, Roebuck* (*d*) *Gimbel Bros.*

20. One of these cannot reproduce his kind:
(*a*) *the pygmy* (*b*) *the mule* (*c*) *the stallion*

21. No, none of the statements is socially significant, and what's more we don't care. Just pick the true statement from the false:
(*a*) *Shakespeare stole most of his plots.*
(*b*) *Daniel Boone popularized the coonskin cap.*
(*c*) *Women buy 85 per cent of all goods in America.*

22. The Trueta technique? Oh, yes; it's now used in:
(*a*) *treating war wounds* (*b*) *plastic surgery*
(*c*) *the surgical care of tuberculosis*

23. And, speaking of modern medicine, recall who discovered the insulin treatment for diabetes?
(*a*) *Noguchi* (*b*) *Flexner* (*c*) *Carrel* (*d*) *Banting*

24. His paintings often portray American city life in its homelier aspects: backyards, scavenging alley cats,

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scrubwomen at work, men drinking in bars; and his name is:
(*a*) *Grant Wood* (*b*) *Rockwell Kent*
(*c*) *George Biddle* (*d*) *John Sloan*

25. Most baseball writers would say that the main reason why the New York Yankees are so good is that they:
(*a*) *control the best "farms" for young players*
(*b*) *train on mince pie* (*c*) *own DiMaggio*
(*d*) *are a team of "fighters"*

26. It's getting easier to identify a film directed by Frank Capra because it often deals with:
(*a*) *likable young men battling the world*
(*b*) *people in the lowest walks of life*
(*c*) *historic figures* (*d*) *aviation*

27. When a substitute goes in to die for dear old Siwash on the football field, his first duty is to:
(*a*) *tell the quarterback what the coach said*
(*b*) *report to the officials*
(*c*) *call signals*
(*d*) *wave to his girl in the grandstand*

28. Agamemnon is a bright but puzzled lad. "Just what," he asks, "is monandry?" "Very simple," you reply, "it's:
(*a*) *when monks are permitted to marry*
(*b*) *a state of truce between husband and wife*
(*c*) *a state of boredom between husband and wife*
(*d*) *one husband at a time*

29. "I say, you old Camembert," says Uncle Arthur, who much prefers the race track to the gridiron, "what's the main difference between Southwestern football teams and most of the others? You reply correctly:
(*a*) *They pass more often.*
(*b*) *They always pray before games.*
(*c*) *They seldom fumble.* (*d*) *They train on corn pone.*

30. At the Chicago Athletic Club you are introduced to a rugged looking chap named Sven Hedin. You'd say:
(*a*) *"How is your wife, Bea Lillie?"*
(*b*) *"Been prowling around Tibet lately?"*
(*c*) *"Come over to play squash racquets?"*

31. Governor Olson of California has just pardoned the partner in prison of Tom Mooney. His name is:
(*a*) *Grover Bergdoll* (*b*) *Warren Billings*
(*c*) *Big Bill Haywood* (*d*) *Eugene V. Debs*

32. This one's easy. Just name the town that has been restored by Mr. Rockefeller to its eighteenth-century glory:
(*a*) *Fredericksburg* (*b*) *Williamsburg* (*c*) *Pittsburgh*
(*d*) *Gettysburg* (*e*) *Petersburg* (*f*) *Lynchburg*

33. "Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. . . ." marks the beginning of the novel:
(*a*) *"A Farewell to Arms," by Ernest Hemingway*
(*b*) *"Ulysses," by Joyce*
(*c*) *Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers"*

34. When putting his copy for tomorrow's gossip column on the hook, Reporter Henry Longfellow of the *Portland Intelligencer* messed up the writing. Henry is now incapacitated in a tavern and can render no assistance. Can you help the night editor fill in the lines?

The skipper he stood beside the helm.
_____ was in his mouth
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

(*a*) *His teeth* (*b*) *His thumb* (*c*) *His pipe*
(*d*) *His heart*

35. And, while we're on Mr. Longfellow, do you recall who Hiawatha's wife was?
(*a*) *Minnehaha* (*b*) *Nokomis*
(*c*) *Ramona* (*d*) *Pocahontas*

36. In the newspaper world, a by-line is:
(*a*) *a device to get by the libel laws*
(*b*) *the author's signature*
(*c*) *the editor's OK*

37. To get ahead in college teaching, the first step is to get chummy with the dean, but the main thing is to get one of these degrees:
(*a*) *Ph.B.* (*b*) *D.D.* (*c*) *B.V.D.*
(*d*) *Ph.D.* (*e*) *M.A.*

38. Who wrote the well-known sonnet beginning:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

(*a*) *Keats* (*b*) *Shelley* (*c*) *Shakespeare*

39. Confidentially, there's only one *true* statement here:
(*a*) *Mince pie is easy to digest.*
(*b*) *Alexander Woollcott grows thinner every day.*
(*c*) *Liddell Hart writes about sin and Broadway.*
(*d*) *Mary Wollstonecraft was Shelley's mother-in-law.*

40. "Yes, I killed him," said the girl calmly, as the officers broke down the door. "He was my father, but I warned him, if he said once more that it was not the heat but the humidity, I would give him both barrels. Well, gentlemen, he did, and I did." However justified, the young lady was found guilty by a jury of:
(*a*) *regicide* (*b*) *patricide* (*c*) *fratricide*
(*d*) *herpicide* (*e*) *infanticide* (*f*) *insecticide*
(*g*) *matricide* (*h*) *suicide* (*i*) *uxoricide*

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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The Theatre

The Show Goes On

by **LETA CLEWS CROMWELL**

THE WAR has affected the theatre with astonishing speed. Every play on Broadway is a hit, with eager standees at most performances. And it's no time for tragedy. Chekhov's *Three Sisters* departed after a brief stay — for Moscow, let us hope — with two other revivals. One of them, *Journey's End*, was hailed ten years ago as the finest of the war plays. Now it deals with a war that seems no more pertinent to our times than the Wars of the Roses, and the play's attitude toward war in general now seems intolerable. Mr. Sherriff, sincerely canvassing for peace, still managed to make the war a pretty sporting business, at least with the upper-class British. Air raids were a nuisance of course, but young men were quite willing to kill and be killed as long as it was the decent thing. One had to be keen. Before our very eyes, Mr. Sherriff was winning the war on the playing fields of Eton.

In the carload of fall plays there's hardly an idea. It may be that the theatre in wartime will function in the amusement area rather than in the sphere of thought. This makes for thin pickings for the critic, who should be very grateful to William Saroyan for *The Time of Your Life;* it ought to provide the drama student with the time of *his* life and send him home to begin a four-volume treatise on what makes a play.

The "well-made play" has, of course, been in disrepute for years, but here we are faced with the willful lack of any kind of structure. "No foundations, all down the line." The proof of the pudding is surely not in Aristotle; if anywhere, it's in the play. If you fidget a little and rather hope something will happen soon, the staging may be to blame. Inspired staging can create the sense of action. It can also suggest the word that is not spoken. The Group Theatre did just that for *My Heart's in the Highlands* and made it sing. *The Time of Your Life* needs an interpretative approach to Mr. Saroyan's general impression that the world makes no sense and that some people are good.

Policemen, longshoremen, prostitutes, even an Arab, come and go all day in Nick's barroom, while Jo sits day and night drinking champagne, trying to understand things. And whenever he can, he does somebody a good turn. Mr. Saroyan introduces us to some rare people, whom it's a pleasure to have met, and he lets us in on some remarkable conversation. They're lovable, some of these people, and heartbreaking, too. The author is deeply moved by the sorrows of the world, and he knows how to give them voice. He can be extremely eloquent. He can also be extremely banal. Quite apart from the question of structure, the play is a mixture of the very good and the very bad. The teller of tall tales, for instance, seems overdone and tiresome, yet the play is full of humor that is subtle and original.

Of Eddie Dowling's performance as Jo, one can only say that he *is* the part. Miss Julie Haydon as the redeemed prostitute does little to help define a puzzling and nebulous part; it is hard to think of her as anything but a saint. Nearly all the other characters serve the play magnificently. Mr. Saroyan in his characterization has combined two different styles — extreme realism and the surrealist. A few of the characters he hasn't bothered with at all. What an unrealistic production would do to the play is a tantalizing question. In any case, it certainly ought to have more sense of space and air.

To this reviewer, *Here Comes the Clowns* was a great deal finer (although it got lost in the clouds), if only for that sense of spiritual elation with which one left the theatre. It was heady stuff, from start to finish. *The Time of Your Life* is closer to Odets in atmosphere.

It's fun to go the whole hog over something, in this instance Miss Helen Hayes. In *Ladies and Gentlemen* she discards the royal purple for the brown tailored suit of a simple American, a secretary, who finds herself on the jury of a murder case. She falls in love with a married

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juror, only to renounce him, and she obtains the acquittal of the accused.

The material may be worn, but it is still dramatic, and twelve people locked up together for six weeks are a pregnant enough situation. The play is effective theatrically. What it lacks is unhackneyed sentiment, and the Hecht-MacArthur boys are no help to Mr. Bush-Fekete if the stock Hollywood comics are an example of their toil.

Miss Hayes's is a fully written part; if it is ordinary, it also allows her great human quality full expression. Her performance is warm, vital, tender, gay, a marvel of integrity; and in her mouth platitudes become shining truths. She's radiantly moving. She *is* the quality of mercy. The picture of Helen Hayes pleading with the jury is not easily forgotten.

If Miss Hayes is America's First Actress, Miss Lawrence is the all-star comedienne. One hesitates to say once more that she has never looked lovelier, but in *Skylark* she never has. And she has never seemed more entertaining. The story is the old one about the husband who is married to his business, with an attractive man in the background (it's Glenn Anders — watch out!). But the little woman doesn't fall. Not Miss Lawrence. She has hubby back by the end of the second act, and in the third there's nothing to do but adopt a baby and send hubby back to work. Only Mr. and Mrs. are characterized, and the last act is farcical. But the play has some very funny lines. Miss Lawrence swoops in and out of the eternal triangle, trailing clouds of merriment. She turns *Skylark* into a smash hit, which leaves you breathless, mixing metaphors.

Speaking of comedy, Sheridan Whiteside's first words in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* are already classic. To the family gathered eagerly to greet him after his long illness in their home, he remarks, grudgingly, "I *may* vomit."

Sherry, as the world knows, is none other than Alexander Woollcott. On a lecture tour, he has broken his hip at the doorstep of a family in the Middle West and, though cured, decides to stay on — in a wheel chair — to break up the romance of his young secretary. He takes over the whole first floor, and in due course is visited by a Marx brother, Noel Coward (unrecognizable in John Hoysradt), and a very predatory actress. He converses in insults, brilliantly. In fact, the humor resides exclusively in the shattering wisecracks of Sheridan Whiteside and not in any situations the authors created. Perhaps they have tried too hard to be funny. Certainly they have overstocked the madhouse; penguins, a mummy case, choir boys, not to mention an octopus in the cellar, jostle one another.

Now this fellow Sherry, whether he exists in his own right or not, is something of a camel to swallow on the stage of the Music Box. He's a strain on anybody's credulity. One could wish that the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart had at least placed their difficult lion in an atmosphere of the most flat-footed reality. Yet the Stanley family behaves most oddly; they belong with the penguins, in the realm of farce.

Edith Atwater does a fine straight-from-the-shoulder job as the secretary, and My Lady Nausea, otherwise known as Miss Bedpan (the nurse), is played delightfully. The staging is dull, and Monty Woolley in the part of the great man seems monotonous and stilted. Occasionally he — or should one say Sherry? — is just a bit tiresome.

See My Lawyer belongs soul and body to farce, the Abbott formula this time producing less hilarious results. The excellent company, carries on bravely, but the fun is forced.

The saying is that musical shows are the portents of good times in the theatre; and there are still more song-and-dance vehicles to come. Of those current, *Too Many Girls* is a newcomer at once dated up. It's more conventional than last year's Abbott triumph, *The Boys From Syracuse*, which was really special. But Pottawatomie is a nice place too, only fifty yards from the Mexican border. And what a name for a college! Thither go four football heroes as bodyguards to a lovely girl, and the rest just happens. At Pottawatomie, by the way, all the virgins wear green caps.

The Rodgers and Hart songs are the stuff of which hits are made. The dancing is gay, and the costumes gala, as there's always some sort of festival going on. Best of all are the young and virtually new performers. Marcy Wescott is the dream heroine of all time, while Mary Walsh could put over "The Owl and the Pussycat" to a *Scandals* audience. As for the boys — well, you want the girls to marry them. On top of all this, the football references have been picked with great discrimination.

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Should Government Own Our Utilities?

A Debate

I—Power Belongs to the People

***by* RICHARD L. NEUBERGER**

HOUSEWIVES in the Puget Sound city of Tacoma pay $1.70 for 100 kilowatt-hours of electricity. The same amount of power costs $3.09 in San Francisco, $3.65 in Chicago, $4.70 in New York, $5.24 in Boston, and $6.25 in Tampa. There is a municipal power plant in Tacoma. The rest of these communities are served by private utility companies.

The woman in Tacoma who wants to lighten her tasks can cook, refrigerate, wash, and clean with electricity and pay $5.30 for 500 kilowatt-hours. At many places in the nation, this alleviating of household drudgery is denied to millions of people in the lower income groups; 500 kilowatt-hours in New York, for example, cost $12.95.

The federal government has completed great hydroelectric dams on the Tennessee, Colorado, and Columbia Rivers. These developments encompass huge expenditures. Grand Coulee Dam, now under construction in northeastern Washington, alone is requiring $181,101,000. Such projects as this and the TVA point toward a national policy of public ownership.

Public ownership invariably means cheaper rates. One hundred kilowatt-hours in Tacoma cost less than 40 kilowatt-hours from private companies in nearby towns. Cleveland consumers pay $9.30 for public power billed at $11.90 by the private utility in Toledo. Los Angeles buys electricity from Boulder Dam and enjoys the lowest rates in California. Power from the federal dam at Bonneville is helping the Oregon town of Eugene charge a commercial rate of $13.53 for 750 kilowatt hours; a few miles away, in Corvallis, storekeepers pay a private utility $27.25 for the same service.

Congressman John E. Rankin of Mississippi says that TVA rates throughout the country would reduce the national electric bill $923,973,000; Tacoma rates would reduce it $1,100,833,000. People in the State of New York now pay twice as much for electricity as they would under the rate schedule of the TVA. Florida's citizens pay considerably more than twice as much. Two hundred fifty kilowatt-hours from Bonneville Dam will cost less than 100 kilowatt-hours in Boston.

For many years the claim has been made that publicly owned plants charge these low rates only at the sacrifice of valuable tax payments which private utilities are assessed. Listen to a recent statement by the Federal Power Commission:

> Publicly-owned utilities paid 17.3 per cent and privately-owned utilities paid 13.2 per cent of their gross revenues in the form of taxes and net cash contributions during the year 1936.

Nor is that all. The same statement cited 8.5 per cent of gross revenues rendered by public systems in the form of free services such as pumping sewage, lighting schools, and operating traffic signals. Private plants do virtually nothing of this sort.

Towns along the transmission lines of the TVA have power rates far lower than in most of the nations. Yet, as Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska has pointed out:

> The TVA requires a municipality to pay the same amount of money to the proper officials which it would pay, if its plant were taxed as it would be if owned by a private company.

The rates charged by public systems are based on actual values. Governor George D. Aiken of Vermont is one of the adversaries of the power program of the Roosevelt administration. Yet even he has said:

> During my public life I have seen utility companies benefit from the inflation of values. I have seen them spend your money and mine in working for selfish ends. I have seen them unload tax burdens on the breaking backs of those who could scarcely stand.

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Inefficiency there may occasionally be in public power systems; the human equation is omnipresent, whether in municipal bureau or corporation office. But the annals of public ownership contain no episode to parallel even remotely the greed and recklessness which resulted in the collapse of the Central Public Service pyramid of holding companies. And there have been other utility failures.

A frequent criticism of public ownership is that it would plunge the power business into politics. A decade ago the Federal Trade Commission revealed that no institution was more entangled in politics than private power companies. They have maintained costly lobbies and raised huge political slush funds. They have tried to influence newspaper editors, college professors, schoolteachers, and clergymen. Community clubs are constantly plagued by their agents. The Townsend movement is still strong in the Pacific Northwest, and so we find numerous Townsend leaders in that region employed as "service supervisors" for power companies seeking to resist the advance of public ownership.

II

THE GENERATING and distribution of electricity as a public function is not consistent with the American form of government, insist the partisans of the utility companies. Senator Norris, Secretary Ickes, and other advocates of public ownership have been denounced as Bolsheviks.

Seventy-two per cent of the country's cities own their own water works. This fact has never been represented as a threat to the Republic. It is difficult to understand what great philosophical difference there can be between water pumped into a house through a pipe and water impelled there over a wire.

Much as the utility companies would prefer the nation to believe otherwise, the promotion of public ownership is by no means exclusively the work of radicals and agitators. Boulder Dam, which will ultimately produce 6,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of current, was begun during the administration of Herbert Hoover. "I've got to give Charlie his dam," said President Roosevelt as he signed the authorization for the great project at Bonneville. He was referring to Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon, the Republican leader in Congress.

Among cities with public power plants are Cincinnati, Knoxville, Cleveland, Memphis, and Kalamazoo. These are not communities notorious for crackpot notions. They are average, middle-class American cities where the people want their homes lighted and their food refrigerated as inexpensively as possible. Public power has no better endorsement than the fact that the 259 towns with municipal plants are not turning back to private ownership.

Public plants pay off their bonds and reduce rates as they do so. Private utilities seldom amortize investment. This distinction has a bona fide meaning to the people who use electricity. The average national rate per kilowatt-hour is 4.8 cents. Each household in the country consumes an average of 710 kilowatt-hours annually. But in Tacoma, where the public power system charges 1.68 cents a kilowatt-hour, every home averages 1,565 kilowatt-hours a year. Think what that difference of 855 kilowatt-hours means to the housewife working in the kitchen, to the schoolboy studying at night, to the family entertaining guests!

Electricity is so vital to contemporary society that it may readily be asked whether this force should ever be in private hands. The country takes for granted the public ownership of fire departments, police bureaus, school systems, trolley lines, and water works. Yet electricity is as indispensable as any of these.

The New Deal has shown that, in generating power, other resources can be developed as well. In the TVA not only kilowatt-hours have been produced. There are many by-products. Floods have been prevented, and forests and fields saved. Bonneville Dam sends steamers up the Columbia River to the farms of the Inland Empire. Grand Coulee Dam will spin the world's biggest chunk of electricity — and reclaim 1,500,000 acres of land sorely needed by the wandering migrants from the "dust bowl."

Such benefits as these are lost when power companies, confronted by increasing resistance to private control of rivers and streams, turn more and more to steam as a source of electricity. In an exhaustive study, the New York State Power Authority has pointed out that power can be generated at Bonneville, Boulder, Grand Coulee, and the St. Lawrence Waterway project for approximately one half the cost of steam production. Coal must constantly be replenished; the rivers flow on forever.

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Electricity, like the air and the water, is the heritage of every person. It is the product of water. It does not belong in the possession of any individual or group of individuals. There is no more reason for the private sale of power than for the private sale of water.

II—Socialization Means Waste

by FRANK A. NEWTON

THIS IS NOT a question of whether local municipal ownership of electric plants may or may not be a success in isolated instances. Mr. Neuberger has gone squarely for a complete government monopoly.

How Mr. Neuberger expects this complete government monopoly of electricity to be accomplished he does not pause to suggest. He ignores the facts that the electric industry, today, represents an investment of nearly $14,000,000,000 and has over 27,200,000 customers and that municipal plants sell less than 5 per cent of the total electricity of the country.

But let us, too, forget practical matters and meet the issue as an abstract proposition — but with facts instead of assertions. First of all, let us inquire into his statement that "public ownership invariably means cheaper rates." Let us keep in mind that the majority of the users of electricity in this country do not live in the large centers like New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Boston. The great majority live in small cities and towns and on the farms. The private electric companies have brought electricity to over thirty thousand villages of less than 1,000 population each, and one half of these have populations of less than 250.

The Federal Power Commission on March 29, 1939, released a report which shows clearly that the residential rates of the private companies are lower than those of the public plants, and this is true *without regard to the taxes paid by either group*. In 16,831 communities served by private plants, 85 per cent paid less for 25 kilowatt-hours and 100 kilowatt-hours than the communities in the same classification served by municipal plants. For a use of 250 kilowatt-hours, 95 per cent of the communities were better off under private operation. Of 1,947 communities served by publicly owned plants, 68 per cent were paying higher rates for 25 and 50 kilowatt-hours than the communities of comparable size served privately.

The 1937 United States Census of the Electric Light and Power Industry reports that the average rate paid by the customers of municipal plants in the country was 27 per cent higher than the average paid by the customers of the private plants. Since the annual revenue of the private companies is roughly $2,000,000,000, it follows that the users of electricity would have paid $540,000,000 more than they did pay if the rates of the municipal plants had prevailed throughout the country.

The same United States Census report showed that, despite the discrepancy in the average rate in favor of privately owned plants, the municipal plants in 1937 paid but 1.5 per cent of their revenues in taxes, while private plants paid taxes amounting to 14.2 per cent of their revenue. Mr. Neuberger refers to a statement of the Federal Power Commission:

> Publicly owned utilities paid 17.3 per cent and privately-owned utilities paid 13.2 per cent of their gross revenues in the form of taxes and net cash contributions during the year 1936.

Let us see what the Federal Power Commission did report. It showed that in 1936 publicly owned plants paid but $1,204,000 in taxes, which were only 1.1 per cent of their base revenue, while the privately owned companies paid $275,000,000 in taxes, or 14.4 per cent of their base revenue. It is evident that the "net cash contributions" made by the publicly owned plants to the municipalities must be very large. This is emphasized by the fact that, of the total amount of taxes paid by the country's municipal plants, 42 per cent were paid in one State, and 76 per cent of the whole amount were paid in five States. The report also shows that in fourteen States the municipal plants paid not a penny in taxes and in eleven additional States the total taxes paid by all the municipal plants amounted to less than $1,000.

The significance of the Federal Power Commission's heading over "net cash contributions" of the municipal plants becomes evident. That word is "estimated." The private

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utilities operate in a goldfish bowl. Every dollar they spend is recorded under government-prescribed accounting classifications and reported to State commissions and federal bureaus. But, in the case of municipal plants, the word is "estimated." No reference is made to the fact that, in the same year, the taxpayers of the country contributed in taxes to the federal government $181,000,000 for publicly owned electric plants. It is also significant to note that, of the total "estimated" net cash contribution of municipal plants, 27 per cent were made in two States. The fact is not mentioned, however, that very large loans were made by federal agencies to municipal plants in those States. It is interesting at the same time to note the amounts of some of these "estimated" contributions. In Florida they amounted to over $2,537,000, while in the great and populous State of New York these "estimated" contributions amounted to only $276,000. Again, the "estimated" contributions in North Carolina amounting to over $1,279,000 might be compared with the contributions of all the public plants in Illinois, which amounted to but $224,000. In this connection, the statement made by Senator Norris in the Senate, April 19, 1939, is significant:

> A proposal from a great association of Tennessee says, in effect, "Let the TVA property be subject to taxation the same as everybody else's property." On my desk now there is a printed amendment intended to be offered which provides that all property of the TVA shall be subject to taxation everywhere under the local laws of taxation. If we go to that extreme, Senators can see that the TVA would be out of business in three months.

The 1937 United States Census of the Electric Light and Power Industry brings out another fact, namely, that the average pay per employee in the privately owned utilities is 16 per cent higher than in the municipal plants. Maybe this fact, among others, may have led Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, to say:

> Analysis of the industrial situation shows that electric power is the greatest contributing factor toward the increased efficiency and productivity of the working people in our country. Both employers and employees in America have been free from the domination of autocratic controlled governmental dictation such as prevails in some of the lands. . . . Let us hope our nation will always remain free from governmental autocracy and dictatorial control of its industries and workers.

II

Less than one third of the output of the electric utilities of the country goes to homes and farms. The greater part, by far, goes to large commercial and manufacturing establishments, which is a fact Mr. Neuberger is not perhaps familiar with. It will be granted, I am sure, that the power to dominate and control American industry through government monopoly of the electric industry is a most dangerous power to put in the hands of any government. One can see the inevitable wire pulling and log rolling between different States and different sections of the country, trying to secure and hold industries, which would result.

It has been pointed out that the private utilities have taken electricity to practically every hamlet in the United States, to over thirty thousand villages and towns with less than one thousand population each. The supplying of water has no such record, largely because it has been chiefly a municipal undertaking. Recent analysis of 883 communities served by Consumers Power Company in the State of Michigan (all, by the way, receiving uniform rates for electricity regardless of the size of the community) showed that over 85 per cent of these communities had no water-works systems and no sewage systems. Of the 816 communities served by Alabama Power Company and all served under the same rate for electricity, 71 per cent were without water-works systems and 82 per cent without sewage systems. In other words, while private initiative and private enterprise has brought electricity to practically every community and at the same low rates prevailing in the large cities, municipal enterprise has failed to supply such essential service as water-works and sewage systems to the majority of the smaller communities.

Mr. Neuberger says:

> Such benefits as these [water power] are lost when the power companies, confronted by increasing resistance to private control of rivers and streams, turn more and more to steam as a source of electricity.

Unfortunately, we are unable to move Niagara Falls to Iowa or Grand Coulee to Pennsylvania or the TVA dams to South Dakota. Coal remains and will remain the chief source of fuel for the production of electricity. Approximately 65 per cent of the na-

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tion's supply of electricity is not generated by water power.

President Roosevelt appointed a National Resource Committee to inquire into the resources of the country and the generation of electric power. The Committee reported:

> Present low costs of steam plants necessitate discrimination in developing water power sites. . . . In most regions of this country the hydro-electric plant should be considered as complementary to the steam power plant rather than the main power source. . . . Improvements in plant design and in operating technique have lowered greatly the cost of generating power in steam-electric plants.

This country was not built up to the point at which it produces one third of the world's electricity on any theory of socialization of industry. Many, perhaps the majority, of those who contend for a government monopoly of the electric business have not the slightest intention of stopping at that point if they are successful. From there they will start their drive for the socialization of all other utilities and the other great businesses of the country.

Let us agree with President Roosevelt:

> I do not hold with those who advocate government ownership and government of all utilities. I state to you categorically that, as a broad general rule, the development of utilities should remain, with certain exceptions, a function for private ownership and private capital.

Since January 1, 1939, twenty-five elections on proposed municipal plants have been held. The most significant was in San Francisco, where a municipal-ownership proposal was defeated for the eighth consecutive time by a ratio of two and a half votes to one. In twenty-five municipal-ownership elections, fourteen communities with a total population of 671,618 voted the proposal down, and eleven with a total population of but 22,339 approved the proposal.

During the fifty-six-year history of the electric-utility industry in the United States, about four thousand municipal plants have been established. Approximately one half have been sold or abandoned. Today only 4.3 per cent of the country's electricity is sold by municipally owned plants. Public ownership has utterly failed to make a record sufficient to convince the public of the United States that public ownership is efficient or desirable.

III—*Rebuttal, by Mr. Neuberger*

MR. NEWTON says that in 85 per cent of the communities private power costs less than public power. He does not say that these are mainly very small communities. The issue is not the number of communities but the number of people. Approximately 86 per cent of the residential light customers of the United States pay higher rates for private than for public power.

Mr. Newton tries to imply that William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, is opposed to public ownership, totally overlooking the fact that many national conventions of the A. F. of L. have gone on record for public ownership of electricity.

The statement quoted on the alleged superiority of steam power to hydroelectricity was originally made by a consulting engineer for private power organizations. In a report to President Roosevelt, the New York State Power Authority said the statement was erroneous and "based upon incorrect figures."

With evident approval, Mr. Newton cites a *portion* of President Roosevelt's Portland speech. Why does he not quote that part of the same speech in which the President said that the big utility companies were overcapitalized to the extent of $520,000,000 — or that part in which he said that any locality discontented with its electric service had "the undeniable basic right" to establish a public power system?

The apparent unpopularity of public ownership is dwelt on by Mr. Newton. Well, the utility companies have propagandized so deviously to attempt to bring this about that in 1928 a United States Senate dominated by Republican members voted an investigation of their activities.

Mr. Newton contends that perhaps a majority of the individuals favoring public ownership of power really want a socialized nation. This is fantasy. Is Senator Norris, whom the *New York Times* calls "a growingly useful senator," such a radical? We should not forget that Alfred E. Smith was once denounced as "socialistic" for his views on power.

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Slick Fingers

The War between Shoplifters and Spotters

by **RALPH L. WOODS**

If you have ever stood at a department-store counter wistfully fingering a costly gewgaw and thinking how easy it would be to snitch it, then you can understand why the big stores don't like anything about shoplifting to get into print. Hooking merchandise from department stores requires no training in a reform school, apprenticeship under a master thief, or even a particularly low standard of moral and social values. Very often all that is required is an overpowering desire to own the article and a lucky break. Thus, when a shoplifter is apprehended, many of us can say, "There, but for the grace of God and the suspicious glance of a sales clerk, go I."

Of course, this is not to condone the ancient craft. It is merely to emphasize that the rankest amateur can shoplift — and does so more often than most of us suppose. But, remember, the "spotters" catch more of them than you hear about.

There are great differences between amateur and professional shoplifters. Also, the amateurs outnumber the professionals, about nine to one. Consequently, you can't very well lump them in a discussion like this. Even the amateurs could be subdivided according to their motives, adeptness, and the consistency and character of their stealing.

For example, when two Park Avenue debutantes were picked up for stealing baubles off a counter they tearfully explained to store authorities they did it because they were bored, always got everything they wanted, and had never lifted a hand except to puff a cigarette or sip a cocktail.

On the other hand, distraught mothers are apprehended every Christmas for stealing a few trinkets to put into the children's stockings.

A few years ago we had the spectacle of several financially comfortable wives from a New Jersey suburban community being hauled into police court on charges of waging a consistent and profitable shoplifting campaign against New York stores. The wives wept, their husbands raged; the store authorities were adamant, the police unsympathetic, and the neighbors scandalized.

Thus, you can't generalize. The amateur may be a young girl from boarding school, in town for a day, who steals a pair of silk panties because her wealthy papa believes the younger generation should be forbidden such luxuries. And then there are wives who occasionally lose their weekly allowances at bridge or poker and then go out shoplifting so that they will be able to show their husbands where the money went.

Amateur thieves are particularly vexing, because the stores invite ill will if they pinch them indiscriminately. Suppose Mrs. Whoosis, leading worker for the church and the community chest in Soaken by the Sea, gets a thrill out of lifting expensive perfumes from unguarded counters. One day she is caught. The townspeople refuse to believe that their Mrs. Whoosis could commit so heinous a crime. Sedate neighbors can't understand that she steals not from necessity or greed but simply because she gets a kick out of getting something for nothing. To her — and many like her — it's a lark, an adventure, and only secondarily a crime. Nevertheless, the naïve natives are likely to resent the prosecution of local celebrities. However, the stores know that, if his initial raids are successful, the habit grows on many an amateur. Some will keep at it as long as it seems easy. A husband, fearing scandal, has even been known to instruct department stores not to molest his wife when she is in a larcenous mood but to take note of her acquisitions and send him the bill!

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Frightening Off the Amateurs

If you doubt the prevalence of shoplifting, stroll through the chairless and cheerless shop of the nation's largest retailer of women's coats and dresses — S. Klein's, on Union Square, New York City. Here shoplifting is such a problem that customers constantly are confronted with English, Spanish, Italian, Polish, and Jewish reminders reading, "Dishonesty Means Prison — Don't Bring Disgrace to Your Family." This warning is backed up by twenty-five spotters, who average three or four arrests per day. Nevertheless, shoplifting costs the amiable Mr. Klein a hundred thousand dollars annually. The shoplifting bill at Macy's is said to be a million annually, including thefts by employees and the salaries of about one hundred spotters.

Several years ago the Girls' Service League of New York studied the records of 100 shoplifters in the New York City prison. Seventy-one were less than thirty years old. Sixteen were unemployed. Twenty-nine earned less than $20 a week; sixteen made between $20 and $35 a week; and thirty-nine were supported by husbands or families. Factory workers were the largest group. Only one theft involved as much as $50; the rest ranged from $1.50 to $40.00. Twenty-four were in the five-dollar class.

If these meager figures suggest anything, it is that shoplifting is often related to personal financial stringency. A wan little fluff steals a dress so as to look sweet in the eyes of her boy friend. A hapless mother helps herself to some expensive linens so that her daughter will thrill at a gorgeous wedding present. A high-strung wench from a silk mill nourishes an anemic trousseau.

Ordinarily the stores aren't too unyielding in cases of this nature. And yet it would be a mistake for them to be too obviously lenient. So they crack down on amateurs when the circumstances justify it.

For example, a woman was turned over to the police for stealing two dresses from Altman's in New York City when she explained that she was writing a book and needed the publicity.

Another woman, calling herself a psychotherapist, stole sixty dollars' worth of merchandise from Macy's and said she did it because she was gathering material for a book. (They let the judge write a chapter.)

A girl violated all amateur canons when she hid in a store at closing time, later in the evening strolled around and filled a handbag with selected items, and then spoiled her coup by sleeping until after the store was opened the next morning.

The usual procedure when a shoplifter is picked up is to bring her (75 per cent are women) to the executive offices and check through the files to determine if the culprit owns a previous offense in the same place. Meanwhile, the Stores Mutual Protective Association is phoned to learn if her name is among the thousands on file in that office.

This agency was set up some years ago by the larger stores in New York. It has its own crew of spotters who float around from store to store. Stores in other cities have set up similar associations, and they often exchange information and otherwise co-operate with one another.

If the records of either the store or the Mutual Protective Association reveal that the offender has previously been charged with shoplifting, in any store in any city, the case is ordinarily turned over to the police.

But, if this is a first time, most stores call in a stern-faced and eloquent employee to discourse on the wages of sin. When the victim begins to blubber, she is requested to sign a full confession. This document relates that the signer really stole the merchandise, agrees to pay for it, promises never to darken the store's door again, and acknowledges awareness that if she is caught a second time she will be prosecuted for both the first and second offenses. Of course, if a first offender is too hard-boiled or fails to succumb to the spell of the department-store orator, then the cops are called in anyway.

Macy's discovered that too often first offenders who were prosecuted were "sprung" by lenient judges and that lawsuits for false arrest sometimes followed.

Klein's has glass-enclosed booths — called "crying rooms" — where offenders are parked for several hours before undergoing "trial." If Klein thinks it will help keep young offenders on the straight and narrow, he calls in Ma and Pa to sign the confession, too.

Incidentally, most department stores will not prosecute a destitute person for stealing

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necessary clothes. But make very sure you're very destitute before you try it.

A good many people who had signed shoplifting confessions would have felt uncomfortable in 1932 had they known that a stenographer in a New York department store had stolen 1,400 such documents, with the intention of extorting money from those signers living in comfortable circumstances. But the would-be blackmailer confided his plan to somebody, who reported it to the store, which reported it to the police, who did their duty.

Methodical Larceny

The chief difference between amateur and professional shoplifters is that most amateurs are relieved — if not happy — when a spotter nabs them. They usually admit that stealing has become a habit which could be broken only by threat of jail and public disgrace. Professionals resent being interfered with and won't admit or sign anything.

Although shoplifting is as old as trade itself, the technique has changed little.

The amateur grabs whatever he can when he thinks no one is looking. Gloves seem to have a particular attraction for him. Quite often the theft is "spontaneous." A woman tries on a hat or coat and suddenly realizes that the clerk has drifted off to another customer. She walks away, and in a flash an ordinarily honest person has become a crook.

But professionals are neither casual, impulsive, nor lacking in discrimination. They know exactly what they want before they enter a store. Many of them specialize in one type of merchandise. Sometimes they fill orders from fences for jade, silks, perfumes, *objets d'art*, jewelry, furs, laces, lingerie, or tapestries. The loot is sure to be something easily concealed and readily disposed of on the outside. It is never cheap merchandise.

A smart male professional (they have been on the increase since 1929 because of unemployment conditions) never invites attention and suspicion by operating in departments frequented almost exclusively by women. Moreover, professionals don't linger in the aisles and fumble with merchandise while deciding to steal or not to steal. Most of them are sleight-of-hand artists who barge up to a previously selected counter and hoist away at the slightest opportunity. They are busiest at the Christmas and Easter seasons because crowded stores make it easier to escape detection. Some of them go in for pocket picking and purse snatching as sidelines. All of them are well dressed.

Department stores and their Mutual Protective Association will not talk about the methods of shoplifters because they fear that others will be encouraged to take up the calling. But notable incidents nevertheless leak out.

Some years ago a man strolled into a Chicago jewelry store chewing on an apple and asked to see some rings. During the course of his inspection he expressed disgust at finding a worm in the apple, walked to the door, and tossed the fruit into the gutter. His confederate, who was idling at the curb, casually picked up the apple, which had a diamond ring stuck in it, and vanished. Incidentally, rings today are attached to trays by concealed metal bars and are released only when the clerk presses a button.

Not long ago the manager of Tiffany's, passing an antique shop on Lexington Avenue in New York City, recognized chinaware costing hundreds of dollars that had been stolen from his store a few weeks previously. Investigation revealed that a woman had sold it to the shop for nineteen dollars. When she subsequently returned to the shop to sell a piece of silver, detectives arrested her. Not until then was it learned how the plates had been taken from the display tables. In the woman's apartment police found a stout pasteboard box with a slit in the top, which could be carried under the arm. A piece of paper covering the slit was rolled aside in the course of a snatch.

The Professional Touch

When shoplifters work in pairs, as they often do, they are known as "stalls" and "hoisters." The stall simulates a fainting spell or otherwise momentarily disrupts the routine and distracts the sales force while the hoister hoists. This is why every well-run store has definite rules of procedure for all such eventualities.

A device employed by women shoplifters is to come down an aisle with an armful of small packages and spill them in front of a counter. While the clerk stoops to pick them up for her she rifles the counter and disappears. The obliging clerk will find in a moment that the bundles contain old newspapers.

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Sometimes professionals expertly transfer loot to accomplices as they brush past them at a store entrance. A few are low enough to train children to aid them in their depredations.

Every now and then a hoister does such a superb job that experienced spotters can't imagine how it was accomplished.

For example, can you figure out how a woman got a black caracul coat out of a showcase window without detection? Or how a twelve-thousand-dollar fur coat was lifted from a smart Fifth Avenue establishment, only to be returned several days later by parcel post?

A spotter, however, caught up with the magician who used a razor to cut tapestries from the seats and backs of chairs costing as high as $1,200 each. He had been operating in a number of New York shops but was particularly attentive to one store. Finally, a costly tapestry was hung on the wall in this establishment, and a detective planted to watch it. After several days a man in a loose coat walked into the shop and with amazing speed ripped the tapestry off the wall, tucked it under his coat, folded his arms across his chest, and started to leave. He didn't make it.

Sometimes a spotter picks out a shoplifter by the way she walks. This is because some hoisters conceal merchandise beneath their skirts and learn to walk from the knees down. One woman was so adept at this that she could carry a heavy coat between her legs and still navigate without arousing the suspicions of any but the oldest initiates. A form-fitting bag carried between the legs and attached to a pleated skirt that has a concealed slit or zipper is almost standard equipment for the lady shoplifter. But some of them scorn the bag and prefer a slit in the skirt and a capacious pair of bloomers. Bloomers can hold a lot of loot if you have the right kind of figure and don't insist on wearing clothes that fit perfectly. However, occasionally one of these women gets too ambitious and tries to walk with grace and spring while carrying a bolt of silk between her legs. If a spotter is in doubt whether this dodge is being used, he may feign tripping, fall against the suspect, and frisk her in the area under suspicion.

Shoplifters take advantage of the fact that a woman buying a coat likes to try on an assortment. The operator simply selects one worth stealing, puts it on, asks to see more, and, while the salesgirl is getting them, casually walks out of the store (wondering whether she is being followed by a flatfoot).

One woman stole a coat from a New York store, slipped it into a bag, visited the ladies' room for a few minutes, and then left. A spotter stopped her at the entrance and asked her to come to the manager's office. There the thief opened the bag and with great indignation showed that the coat in the bag had another store's label on it. This explanation was about to be accepted, however reluctantly, when the spotter discovered that the bag had a compartment containing needle, thread, scissors, and labels from many stores in town. The visit to the ladies' room had sufficed for the job.

Infinite Variety of Frauds

The stores would like to apprehend shoplifters the instant they are detected stealing. However, they have found through bitter experience that, when arrests are made inside a store, defendants get off by insisting they were taking the merchandise to better light or looking for a sales clerk to handle the transaction. Damage actions for false arrest are then almost inevitable.

One spotter thought he saw a piece of jewelry disappear from a counter before which a dapper young man was standing. Acting on a hunch — and contrary to usual procedure — the spotter accosted him and requested that he remove his coat. He did so, and the spotter decided he had made a horrible mistake. Full of apologies, he held the customer's coat for him. In the act, the spotter's hand on the young man's shoulder felt something suspicious under his shirt. When they stripped him to the waist in the manager's office they found this hoister wearing a harness like that used by magicians. A cord ran across the shoulders and down each arm to the wrists. A clamp was attached to one end of the cord; a tug of the other end sent whatever was attached to the clamp up the man's arm.

Other shoplifters have been picked up with handbags or carefully wrapped packages having trap doors concealed in side or bottom. These are rested on a counter and operated with one hand while the other hand is examining merchandise and holding the clerk's attention. Of course, the fat old lady or the wiry young runt a few feet down the aisle

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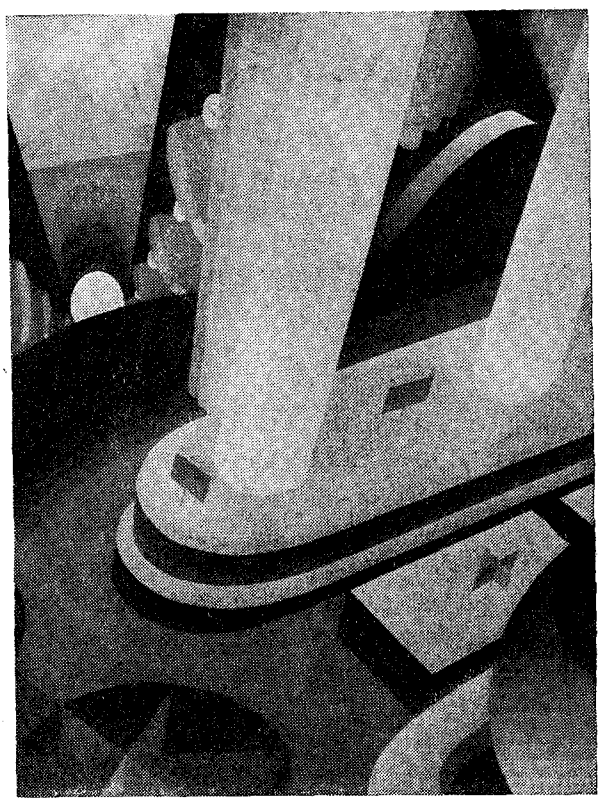
might be a spotter with a keen eye. That's the chance.

Semipro hoisters often carry umbrellas in which to dump small articles — especially good for work in the five-and-ten. Another old device is to have an extra-large overcoat pocket — called a "binney."

Of course, the stores are wise to these tricks, but they are nevertheless effective in the hands of clever people. Much depends on skill in manipulation and the absence of what district attorneys call the "consciousness of guilt."

When a girl was arrested for stealing some silverware, a friend stopped in the store the next day and purchased merchandise of the same kind and quantity. At the girl's trial the sales slip for the purchase was introduced into evidence, with the date changed to that of the arrest. But the store, anticipating such a trick, had given the friend a sales slip initialed by three employees, who thereupon testified that the date had been altered.



John Vassos, from Contempo — *Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.*

Department Store

Although it takes nerve to shoplift, it requires gall to bring back what you steal for a refund. Some stores station a detective at the refund desk just to watch for this stunt. Although most stores will not refund without the sales slip, expensive merchandise can often be exchanged for lower priced goods, with the difference in price refunded. Shoplifters even purchase differently priced articles of the same kind, switch the price tags, and then return with the cheaper article bearing the larger tag, angrily insisting they were overcharged and demanding a refund.

Many department stores claim they lose more through imposters than from shoplifters. When a customer gives her name too loudly in ordering merchandise on a charge account, it may be caught by a bystander who will come in the next day and try to "charge and take" from every department in the store. Discharged servants have thus used a former employer's charge account.

Store employees do their share of shoplifting. When the store system is lax, clerks will wrap up more merchandise than a friend or relative pays for or, at the end of a day's work, will simply walk out with some loot. This is in spite of the fact that many department stores have elaborate employee-espionage systems, not excepting the Stores Mutual Protective Association, which ostensibly is engaged only in suppressing shoplifting by the public.

An executive of the H. L. Green Company (130 variety stores) recently indicated what store employees are up against when he said, "It is commonly accepted good policy to dismiss a sales clerk whose actions are suspicious, rather than attempt to catch her with the goods." And again from the lips of this righteous man: "There should be adequate control of clerks' pocketbooks and personal effects." Of course, this means nothing less than the lowest form of "stooling." Most store spotters, always anxious to please the boss, seldom miss an opportunity to report anything that might interest him, including too much absorption with a perfectly lawful union.

Not often is thievery delightful, but somehow one can't help smiling over the three or four men in denim who strode into a New York department store with a businesslike air and took a grand piano off the floor to a freight elevator, out of the building, and onto a truck before anybody wondered who under heaven they were. If you or I should try to steal a thirty-nine-cent tie, our quivering knees would probably have every spotter in the store waiting at the exit for us.

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Who's Fit to Survive?

by **JEAN RICOCHET BOYD**

ALL OVER THIS WORLD, from pole to pole, wherever man contends against man and against nature, differences in men's comparative efficiency and success are apparent to the most casual observer. The contention may be for food, shelter, money, mates, power, prestige, what not. Some go to the top; some remain suspended in the middle, so to speak; and still others go down in the struggle. It was ever thus. It will ever be thus.

We have not paid enough attention to this fundamental but never-to-be-avoided fact; indeed we have strenuously tried to ignore it here in America. Other countries have given it more recognition.

Here and there the ghost of Nietzsche, apostle of the superman, emerges — open, bold, unafraid. One hears that there are two kinds of people in the world — those who can get on and those who cannot.

The first are the fit, chosen to rule, ordained by God, heirs to the divine right, keen, bright, dominant, born to sit in the seats of the mighty and to cage the lion's share of the world's goods and the world's good things. The second are the unfit, the inferiors, the mass, the unwashed mob, born to obscurity and nonentity, designed to submit and to obey, to take the leavings and to be satisfied.

I have no quarrel with all this. But it does inevitably make one wonder about (1) the fitness of our alleged "fittest" and (2) just what fitness is anyway.

It seems to me that for the past twenty-five years at least, since 1914, the world's self-styled "fittest" have been tested in the fire and found wanting — woefully and sadly deficient and wanting — in brains, in intelligence, in a knowledge of history and the ability to learn therefrom, in ability to compromise and to let well enough alone, in capacity to comprehend and to adjust to changing times. They have been without honor, without decency, and without pity.

The case of Germany is outstanding and typical.

There twenty-five years ago, if ever, was a country literally sitting on top of the world. All over the land her factory chimneys belched smoke, and her magnificent merchant marine carried her goods to the ends of the earth. "Made in Germany" was the hallmark of excellence. Her science and her universities were unchallenged. No scholar felt he had finished his training till he had studied in Germany. If one looked up the existing literature on any subject chosen at random, about one half of the titles were likely to be German. Her traditions and her names made glorious history. Her cities were the cleanest in the world. Her people were the most orderly, the most law-abiding, the best disciplined anywhere. Her army was without a peer on earth. Her navy, rapidly expanding, was, ship for ship and gun for gun, equal if not superior to any in the world. She was, nation for nation, invincible, and no one dared attack her. Such was her genius for organization that she moved almost as one man. She was run, ruled, regulated, dominated, governed, controlled, owned

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body and soul by her elite — consisting of generals, admirals, emperors, industrial magnates, university professors, scientists, savants, philosophers, artists, financiers, etc.

And what did these elect do? Well, I need not recount the history of the World War, but, when they got through, Germany was invaded, occupied, disarmed; her navy was annihilated, her commerce destroyed, her industry paralyzed, her people broke, starved, rioting, and going Bolshevik; her debts were repudiated, her currency was worthless, her colonies were gone, her prestige was discredited, her manhood slaughtered, her Emperor in flight, her future mortgaged to foreigners and Hitlerism, her populace sunk in despair.

Let us not pause to argue what part of the responsibility for what followed should rest on the elect of other nations. Between them all, they dissolved the very matrix of civilization, without which the component parts fell apart into a heap of rubbish. These leaders of all nationalities achieved a ghastly mélange of ignored treaties, broken contracts, neglected promises, repudiated debts, inflated currencies, worthless bonds, destroyed confidence, fear, suspicion, cynicism, hatred, Bolshevism — both red and brown — and now another war.

That is what the "fittest" did. Could the lowest imbecile from the depths of the proletariat have made any worse mess of things? I do not see how. And, ironically enough, Germany, who initiated the fearful train of events, was the one country in the whole world whose masters publicly confessed to being supermen. Today her new leaders, in all modesty, admit the same distinction.

History Has Meaning

Of course, if you believe that some primal mechanic, countless eons ago, wound up the universe so that it is now merely unwinding itself exactly according to blueprint and schedule, then there is no point to this argument nor, for that matter, to any other argument. I admit a certain inevitability in life, of course. If two slavering mad dogs meet on the highway, a fight is certain. But, if two really civilized men meet on the highway, a fight is not only not certain but is in fact extremely improbable. The cataclysm of war is inevitable only in so far as one admits that the people in charge of things — the "fittest" — are a pack of fools. Men of intellectual resources, men of real intelligence, men of good will can avoid it.

Unfortunately, however, men of this sort are rarely if ever in positions of power and responsibility. The very possession of these qualities and mental attitudes almost automatically excludes them, especially under democracy, from attaining to places of power. The underdog who has to hack his way through to power must of necessity be ruthless, and a ruthless man can hardly be at the same time a man of good will. Real intelligence prevents a man from being too cocksure, and cocksureness is rather necessary to sustain the driving power and singleness of purpose of an aggressive man fighting his way to high places. Then, to complete the catastrophe, real intellectual resources are very prone to make a man cynical, perhaps merely fascinated at the doings of the human race and by no means interested in taking a strong hand in the striving and struggling of the poor fools who constitute 90 per cent of it.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that most of us are interested in ourselves and the here and now. We love our children's children — yes — but we love our own children more. We do not care to see the present generation slaughtered like the last one was; we do not care to see our life-insurance policies and the remaining bonds we own, representing our years of toil, reduced to paper, as has happened in other countries. We turn instinctively to our "fittest" and ask them to ward off this tragedy, now and here, from us and from our children. We call their attention to events of past times and of other lands and ask them to avoid for us the same tragedies.

A mere 150 years ago, in France, the "fittest" were called the nobility, the aristocrats. At their apex were a king and queen. The king built himself at Versailles a court costing millions on millions of dollars while the peasants lived in caves and often starved. Mutterings and rumblings reached the ear even of the king. "After us, the deluge," he is said to have remarked. And, after the deluge, even the bones of his kind — the "fittest" — were dug up and hurled across the frontier.

For twenty years then France was soaked in blood and handed over to a Corsican adventurer. He, too, unable to let well enough alone, wound up at age forty-six in a barn on a rock in the South Atlantic.

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But in our own time from Henry Ford, fittest of the fit and maker of one billion dollars, we have this jewel: "History is bunk."

It is, of course, just bunk that the once vast empire of Russia crumbled into ruins — at least so far as her erstwhile "fittest" were concerned. There was a country literally carried around in the pocket, so to speak, of a dynasty hundreds of years old. These rulers shot or sent to Siberia any poor devil who deigned even to suggest that Russia was not the best of all possible worlds and that perhaps the lot of the common man might be improved. But the Czar and his whole pitiful family lived to be slaughtered like rats in a cellar. It seems a colossal thing, but perhaps Mr. Ford is right — it is just bunk.

But, if Mr. Ford is wrong, then sitting back in comparative comfort and letting nature take her course does not appear to be such a hot policy — at least it has not worked out so well for most of those who have tried it recently. Most of them are now in a position where they do not have to worry about any sort of policy at all.

We have observed Spain — another nation that once sat on top of the world. Spain has been ruled since the memory of man by a king, by grandees, by "great men" generally. But the kings seem to have spent most of their time living in luxury and sporting around at Paris or at Biarritz, while the ordinary people struggled along and died unhappily if they could do no better. Spain is not a bad country. She is well situated; she has resources; and she is not overpopulated. She was able at one time to dominate the world and to give her language to a continent. There is no valid reason why she should not be a prosperous, orderly, contented, peaceful, and decent country. It was in the hands of Spain's "fittest" to make her so, but they apparently chose to make her something else. And what have they done? They have reduced their country to a poorhouse, an abattoir, and a shambles. They have absolutely nobody to blame but themselves. There is no possible alibi. They are getting exactly what history shows they had a right to expect.

Our Own Problems

And here in our own country we have seen the cleaving and clashing of the same two inevitable forces — underdogs and economic nobility, so to speak. But, regardless of the results of past political battles, the same situation remains, and the same problems await either solution or disaster. The only political question of any consequence whatever is: Which party offers the more intelligent, workable, and realistic approach to the awful muddle facing us? There can be no possible divergence of objective. All ardently and sincerely want the country prosperous, progressive, peaceful, stabilized, and secure. They differ in one item only — how to bring this about.

As a citizen, I belong to no party. All the parties — Democratic, Republican, or what not — are mere shadows on the ground, dancing, fleeting, without substance. As a man working to support himself and his family, I am about halfway between the outermost; with one step to the left or to the right I could be in either camp. On the one hand, I am rather a proletarian in that I work for a modest salary and am dependent on that for a livelihood; on the other hand, I am an "economic royalist" in that what savings and future security I may have are in life insurance and some stocks and bonds. I am "middle class," which seems to mean that I get it in the neck coming and going. I am 100 per cent for what all the parties always claim they want — peace, prosperity, liberty, security.

As a voter in the last election, I voted for Roosevelt. (It was a mistake; I won't do it again.) My reasons may have been faulty and inadequate, but they were the best that I could find at that time. I was for him because he seemed to be more intelligent and not so hidebound and skullbound. He seemed willing to experiment and to try, not obsessed with the idea that the only way was the old way. He seemed more sensitive and more aware of the true nature of a changing time. He seemed to want to introduce some brains and some sensible idealism into the conduct of government. He seemed anxious to associate with himself various people of all kinds rather than mere businessmen. He felt that government should be run for the general long-range welfare of all, rather than as a shortsighted racket for a particular class. He seemed more resilient, more adaptable, more alert. He had made mistakes, of course, but who hadn't? The only man who makes no mistakes is a man who does nothing whatever. All in all, he

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seemed to be a better bet than the other side.

For what did the "fittest" offer? Only the old way. Their heads seemed impenetrable to the idea that it might be possible that the old way was the precise cause of the general debacle. They denied that the world now is any different from what it was in 1900. They set their faces like flint against any change, any rearrangement, any compromise. They offered obstinacy, stubbornness, bull-headedness, blind fury, and unreasoning opposition to any readjustment. In a country becoming visibly day by day more than ever intermeshed and utterly interdependent, they offered us rugged individualism or, in other words, banditry. They became hysterical at the thought of any possible alteration of the *status quo* — and this in a world changing so fast that any observant man is positively dizzy trying to keep up with it. In brief, to the rising tide of change, to the necessity for readjustment, these persons extended nothing but opposition and that mainly in the form of some very hard heads. But history shows that, if that is all they have to offer, then sooner or later those skulls, no matter how hard or how thick, will be bashed in with clubs. Are they then so smart? Is this fitness?

A Record of Incompetence

During the period after the war, our elite did a lot of things that ought to live long in memory as monuments to them.

We had about one half the gold of the whole world, and the world owed us billions on billions of dollars. We were very anxious to develop a large export trade and to collect those debts. And, in order to help along these two laudable aims, our economic geniuses erected a tariff wall all around the country to prevent anything being imported. Do you get the idea? All the other countries were to close down their factories and go into the gold-mining business. By concentrating on this they would no doubt dig up about all there was and, with this, they would pay us their debts and send us the balance of it to pay for our exports while we did the manufacturing for them. In this way we should soon have *all* the gold in the world. Just what the next step would have been is not recorded. Nobody got around to it.

It was in that New Era, too, that some great and rugged individualists decided to "lease" their country's naval oil reserves, with the reputed aid and assistance of some three more individualists in the President's cabinet. And, if I remember correctly, one Herbert Hoover, fittest of all the fit, sat in that same cabinet and never once opened his mouth about it.

But it was perhaps in the "selling game" that, about this time, victories were scored for future generations to try in vain to match. If an individual neither needed nor wanted a certain article, it was solemnly held by his betters that he was merely exhibiting "sales resistance." This was something to be broken down by fair methods or foul. The victim's time was taken up, his leisure harassed, his doorstep camped upon, his home all but forcibly invaded. The object was to blast him loose from any dollar he might try to save. This was a contribution of "big business," and it extended throughout the whole list of things for sale — from bonds to baby foods. It reached its finest flower in the "installment" arrangement, by which everybody was hopelessly sunk into debt to stay there forever. Millions and millions of automobiles, for instance, were sold to people who had no earthly use for them and who had to live in things resembling dog kennels and deny themselves normal food and clothing in order to pay for them. And later on, after the crash, when these people began to collect in breadlines and to ask for work and for relief, the "fittest" actually had the gall to accuse them of being improvident and to berate them for not saving their money.

Meantime the businessmen had gone out and hunted up countries all over the world willing to accept "loans" of billions of dollars so that they also might buy. In this way they created "unprecedented prosperity" and two — going on three — chickens in every pot.

But something had to be done about those recalcitrants who had refused to buy and who were determined to try and take care of themselves. To get even with these savers and providents, the bankers, another group of the "fittest," obligingly hung up an all-time high by wrecking some twelve thousand banks in a little more than one decade.

The bankers are really no worse than all the rest, but they do serve as an admirable example of what I am trying to point out. The govern-

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ment tried in a very halting and modest way to work out a simple plan to give the poor helpless depositors some sort of a break by inaugurating a bank-deposit insurance measure — and the bankers fought it almost to a man. And what do you suppose they offered as an objection to it? It would penalize the good banker! Here was *real* intelligence. Of course it would penalize the good banker! What does any insurance do but that? Does not marine insurance penalize the good mariner? Does not automobile insurance penalize the good driver? Does not even life insurance penalize the careful liver? But the stupidity and swinishness of the bankers' attitude was, in a way, a good thing in that it brought into the open the basic fact that banks were institutions run solely for the benefit of bankers and not at all for the benefit of the depositors or the public in general.

Some thirty years ago one Charles Evans Hughes had occasion to investigate the life-insurance business, and he found it putrid. He put the life-insurance lads on the griddle and he fried the fat out of them. He "regulated" them; he "regimented" them, if you please; he told them what they could do and what they could not do; he "interfered in their business." And with what result? This: that through this worst of all depressions the big life-insurance companies have stood like rocks. That is precisely the sort of banking system that we want, and there is no reason at all why we should not have it save the obstinacy of the bankers themselves.

In like manner one could go down the line of the "fittest" and find about the same sort of thing. They hate Roosevelt and the New Deal, but they deserved both. If it had not been for the outrages of Insull, with his thirty separate layers of paper between the actual property of the utility companies and the ultimate suckers holding the stock certificates, there would have been no holding-company bill. And so with all the rest of the intolerable abuses the New Deal has tried, as best it could, to correct. The squealers have nobody to blame but themselves.

The Superman

But let it be remembered that this business of correction often gets out of hand: hatred outruns prudence or even common sense, and the situation goes out of control. This time perhaps it has been avoided. But consider that, as the social setup becomes more intricate, interdependent, and co-ordinated, it takes less and less to upset it. And, when our "fittest" wreck themselves, they wreck us all.

They must learn that, in addition to the problem of making money, there is another and a more important problem. What indeed is the point in making money if one cannot keep it? To this problem of keeping it I invite and advise their careful and prayerful consideration. It involves attention to the country as a whole and the world in a close background, the state of the social order generally, the temperature of the masses, the ferments at work everywhere, and one's duty as a citizen. The problem, in brief, is to devise ways and means by which the really superior people can keep the inferiors quiet, contented, in order, and in their places. It calls for courage, daring, patience, self-restraint, diplomacy, real intellect, organizing ability, ruthlessness if need be — in fact, all you have and then some more. It is the one supreme problem, and its solution will pay bigger dividends than Chrysler or General Motors ever dreamed of. When our big shots work this out, they will have some valid reason to be called the fittest — without the quotation marks.

The very essence of fitness is resilience and adaptability, not on one front but on all fronts. The saber-toothed tiger, in point of strength and ferocity, was perhaps the most formidable animal that ever strode the earth. But he is gone, and you may be sure that in some particular or other, perhaps a seemingly minor one, he did not have what it "took." The fittest will survive all right, and nature will continue to take her course. The New Deal (some folks don't seem to grasp this) is merely nature doing just that.

Let those who think they are fit to rule study people and science and history. Let them learn at least as much about social dynamics as they do about the dynamics of their automobile engines. They will find that there is an explosive violence in masses just as there is in gases.

Let the would-be rulers invoke the philosophy of the superman if they care to, but let them first find out what sort of man Nietzsche really envisaged. He was not only a marvelous

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animal but he had a splendid and wide-ranging mind. It told him what to do, and he had the perfect self-discipline to do precisely that. He knew when to attack, when to flee, when to endure, when to die in his tracks; and he could do any of these four things magnificently. He was a superb realist — a thinker but not a wishful thinker. Both his eyes were wide open, and he could see what was at his feet and what was on the horizon. He was intelligently ruthless — never squeamish, never merely brutal. He cared little or nothing about mere money. With cowardice and dishonor he was unacquainted, save in his enemies. He knew finesse and he knew strategy — and he knew his limitations. He was magnanimous to a disarmed foe going down before his sheer and genuine superiority. He had courage plus; he never fled into a storm cellar when his place was outside and in command. He loved the roar of battle and the turmoil and struggle of life and scorned sulking in a tent. He was loyal to his class and his equals and found his ethics there. He felt under no obligation to cater to the mob, but his selfishness was an enlightened one, and he would no more mistreat his human inferiors than he would his horse or his cow. He knew no class distinctions whatever save those of competence and incompetence. If one of his own slid to the bottom, he let him slide. If someone from the depths fought his way upward to his side, he welcomed him as his own.

There are here some admirable qualities. Many of them denote true fitness.

Cow of Heaven

The morning's face is white from pressing glass
and glimpses from the sill of universe
the vague undaunted flanks of breathing mass
lifting a tail of lightning through the firs.
The dewlapped sky rolls seraph tongues of clouds
below the bovine eyes of hemispheres:
columnar hooves sunk deep in human crowds
pour past decantered irises of fears.

The massive meadows belly toward the stars
now zoned in fog fired red by crackling flowers:
the ectoplasm known as motor cars
from parted lips of sleep flows on through towers
that are but grass about the knees of days
as the great Cow of Heaven swings her gaze.

Oscar Williams

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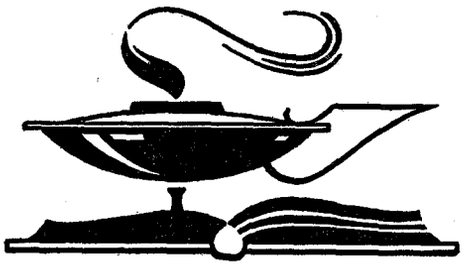
I Went to College at Fifty



ANONYMOUS

When I was fifty years old, I entered college as a junior. Two years later, on a hot June night, I stood with several hundred other students, all from twenty to thirty years younger than I, and listened to the President say, "I hereby confer upon each of you the degree of Bachelor of Arts."

Because those two years of study gave me more deep-burning satisfaction per minute than any equal period in my life, I think they are worth writing about. I do it with the hope that other restless, dissatisfied middled-aged women may consider college as a possible way out of that emotional fret and fever which besets so many of us during our forties and fifties.

In my youth, I had attended a Midwestern university for two years, taking the prescribed number of required courses and filling in my schedule with electives chosen in a thoroughly haphazard manner from the confusing array of subjects listed in the bulky university catalogue. There was probably less plan behind my choice than there is in the selection of foods by the average American when confronted with an unintelligible menu in a European restaurant.

If there was a purpose behind my study, it was exceedingly vague. I hoped that college would somehow increase my future earning power, yet I was not consciously preparing myself for any particular line of work. Like thousands of other young women who filled the universities in those days, I was taking a "general literary" course. When straitened finances forced me to leave at the end of my sophomore year, my chief sorrow was at parting from my friends. I felt no great disappointment at being unable to continue my studies.

Thirty years later, I suddenly realized that what I desired above everything else in the world was time and opportunity for quiet study.

I was fifty, and my youngest child was in high school. The others were married and established in homes of their own. For several years I had been swirling about in a veritable vortex of "movements" — serving on committees, organizing drives, arranging programs, attending meetings, writing my congressman, calling on the mayor, circulating petitions. Every bit of this feverish activity was motivated by a sincere desire to do something about the numerous ills and injustices that I saw in the world about me. Yet, as I look back on it now, I have to admit that much of it was actually only a restless milling about.

The psychologists would probably say that at least a part of it was an unconscious effort to fill with activity the leisure hours which I had gradually been accumulating as my children grew to adulthood. It seemed that almost any kind of activity would do. The truth was that the leisure that had appeared so desirable when about sixteen hours a day were devoted to diaper washing, cereal cooking, fairy-tale telling, and whooping-cough nursing had somehow lost its appeal. Idleness irked me, and so I had seized on "movements." There were times when I secretly doubted the worthwhileness of some of my activities. Nevertheless, I continued. Anything was better than bridge, tea, and movies.

One afternoon in September, I returned from a meeting of the Prison Reform League, where we had listened to the report of a committee that had recently visited the State penitentiary. The speaker had risen to eloquence as

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she told of black torture cells reeking with filth and crawling with vermin. I knew that such conditions were deplorable, but did I know what should be put in their place? When I asked myself, "How *should* society treat those who violate the laws of the land?" I had to admit that I did not know. I lacked the knowledge on which to base an intelligent opinion.

That week was unusually hectic. Organizations that had lain dormant during the summer were coming to life with a vengeance. In the few quiet intervals when I was not attending meetings, I tried to evaluate some of my activities in terms of social usefulness. I decided that I really did not know which of the rival peace organizations in our city had the most workable approach to the war problem, whether capital punishment should be abolished, what was the best way of handling juvenile delinquents, or whether the city-manager or the commission form of city government was preferable. Yet not only had I to take a stand on each of these as well as countless other problems but I was actively supporting measures designed for their solution. Because the baby-tending years had given me time to read little beyond the daily newspaper and an occasional magazine article, I was entirely unprepared to play an intelligent or effective role in the world of social action.

II

THE UPSHOT WAS that I went up to the university and enrolled as a full-time student majoring in the social sciences. I was not sure that books and lectures would give me the sense of direction which I so sorely needed but I had decided they were worth trying.

Fortunately, we lived in a university town. With some budget pinching, it was possible to pay the college tuition. We could not have paid living expenses for me away from home. Even if money had not been a problem, I very much doubt whether I should have been content to remain away from my husband and daughter for two nine-month-long college terms. I was also fortunate in that I did not have to contend with incompetent household help during those years. I enjoyed a frictionless household, made possible by the capable hands of a dear woman whom I have never regarded as a servant.

I had no uncertainty about what I wanted to study when I re-entered college at fifty. I knew now, as I had not known at twenty, exactly what I expected the college to do for me.

Fifty years of living had stimulated a great and absorbing interest in people. I wanted to study people in all of their varied interrelationships — and I did. I registered for a course in elementary psychology and followed it in my senior year with three others in the same department — experimental, abnormal, and social.

I wanted to know more about the problems of capital and labor. I wanted to read everything I could find on the reasons for unemployment and poverty in a world of potential plenty. And so I took several courses in economics.

Like every other thinking American, I had observed the tragedy that the divorce court brings into the lives of helpless children. Therefore I wanted to know more about the family as an institution. I wanted to know whether the family, in its present form, is the best kind of institution to function in an industrialized urban society. As a citizen and a taxpayer, I realized that crime and delinquency were costing me considerable sums annually. For this reason, I wanted to know something about the causes of antisocial conduct and what some people who ought to know thought should be done about it. And so I registered for several courses in the department of sociology. The college bulletin designated them as "The Family," "Criminology," "Juvenile Delinquency," and "Child Welfare."

My friends were surprised when I announced that I was now a college girl and therefore unable to attend as many committee meetings as formerly. They asked me, "Don't you find study very difficult at your age after having been out of school for so many years?"

Usually I was unable to make them understand that study was incomparably easier now than it had been in my youth. I was driven now, as I had not been in girlhood, by a consuming desire for knowledge, a desire intensified by fifty years of living. Satisfying this desire was like taking a drink of cool, clear water after a long, hot walk.

Those two quiet, middle-aged years that I resolutely set aside for study meant, first of all, the luxury of time to read — hours and

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hours and yet more hours. It meant time to delve deeply into subjects about which I had only scattered bits of information gleaned from scattered, disorganized reading. Moreover, in college every minute of that precious reading time could be utilized to the very best advantage. I didn't have to spend disappointing hours searching the library for material. The teachers were paid salaries to do that for me.

Did I feel out of place sitting in classes alongside girls the age of my daughter? Not at all. I didn't participate in so-called "extracurricular" activities, attend football games or college dances. I had my own social contacts among people my own age. I can truthfully say, that, as I moved about the halls, took my place in classrooms, or settled myself for study in the library or in the shade of a tree on the campus, I felt very much as I had felt in another university thirty years before.

While my classmates were friendly, it was quite natural that I didn't find intimate associates among the students. A few campus hours might have been lonely if I had not had the good fortune to enjoy some very happy friendships with faculty members. I felt sorry for the other students whose youth barred them from the enjoyment of these stimulating contacts. At graduation time, several of my teachers told me that they had particularly enjoyed having me in their classes. My questions and comments, representing a mature viewpoint, had added zest and interest to many discussions.

III

It is now three years since I received my degree. I have dropped out of many organizations but am working with renewed enthusiasm in others — those movements where I feel sure of my position. I am no longer restless and dissatisfied. College gave me what I was determined that it should give me — a sense of direction.

As I view my experience in retrospect, I have asked myself what effect a widespread back-to-college movement among the middle-aged might be expected to have, on the individuals who go back, on the college, and on society.

I am convinced that a college course can give to literally thousands of middle-aged women what it gave to me — satisfaction, assurance, and a sense of direction. The years from fifty to seventy ought to be the time in a woman's life when she can most effectively do her part toward making the world a better place to live in. Yet she is frequently as ill prepared as I was for doing anything intelligently constructive. Surely society would be the gainer if the women who are attempting to right some of the world's wrongs would take time to equip themselves with at least a minimum background of theoretical knowledge before starting.

Moreover, I think the colleges would be better colleges for having an appreciable number of mature people in the student body. Because I was so eager for knowledge, so determined to extract the very last drop of intellectual satisfaction from every minute spent in the classroom, I was probably a challenge to the teachers. It is not strange that young people who come to college directly after leaving high school are frequently apathetic or frankly bored. After all, they have been sitting in classrooms for twelve years. It is human nature for an instructor to slump when confronted with a roomful of uninterested students. If there are several middle-aged people in the class, he is never quite sure just how much background or previous knowledge of the subject they have. In order to maintain his prestige, such an instructor is likely to keep constantly on his toes.

Is it not also possible that the college classroom might prove an ideal environment for promoting a better understanding between the generations? Here young and old can meet in the unhurried atmosphere of serious thought devoted to an objective study of social problems. I remember, for example, how frankly, fearlessly, and earnestly we discussed sex morals in the course on "The Family." I acquired in the classroom, from other women's daughters, something I had never succeeded in getting in years of intimate association with my own — an insight into the thoughts, feelings, and attitudes of the younger generation.

If you are one of those women who for years has been saying, "I wish I could have gone to college," consider the possibility of going now, even though you are forty, fifty, or sixty years of age. Of one thing you can be sure: college now will bring to you more joy than you would have dreamed possible when you were twenty.

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The Artist's Point of View

*Thomas Craven's Favorite Prints and a Book by Morris Davidson**

MR. THOMAS CRAVEN'S critical equipment being what it is (see last month's article), his choice of artists to be included in this physically important *Treasury of American Prints* is understandable. Since the modern renaissance born in Paris is now all but dead, as he sees it, the artists who have assimilated its values and are now using them in their own way gain no credit — nor admission to the *Treasury* — on that score. Even among his heroes he does not distinguish between Benton, who has learned therefrom at least the functional aspects of design, and Marsh and Curry, who have learned nothing. The honors all go to the valid commentators on local environment.

Marsh and Wood are tops, with six plates each. Benton, Sloan, Curry, and Bacon are second, with five each. Dehn is third, with four. Costigan, Ford, Wickey, Grosz, and Gropper have three apiece. DeMartelly, Lee, Kuniyoshi, Jones, Gag, Freeman, Fiene, Blanch, Cook, and Dwight — all these vital, design-conscious creators have only one or two prints each. And Ward, Murphy, Buller, and Eichenberg — all of whom are master artists of the modern print — are neither included nor mentioned.

Craven has made a popular selection of artists who tell an authentic pictorial story about American life, on which point Craven is eloquent and discriminating, and who thereby belong to the so-called "American school." The arrogant assumptions that the American school is determined only by choice of subjects and that the "succession of fancy cults emanating from the studios of Paris are dead, and, for the most part, forgotten"; the ignorant awarding of unqualified honor to the naturalistic print when and if its maker is concerned with life (as in the cases of Bacon, Marsh, Sloan, Hopper, Costigan, Wickey, and Ford); the failure to pose for the wide public, which reads and perhaps trusts him, any art values in the picture beyond the attitude toward subject; and, finally, the tendency of this pragmatic philosophy to entrench the American public in its own congenital and self-satisfied ignorance of the art of the picture — all these are failures of the responsibility of an art critic which are heightened by the obvious importance of the book which presents them.

Craven was and is a healthy influence when he plays the role of St. George slaying the dragons of sham, snobbery, and charlatanism in the art of our time. He is an unhealthy influence when he fires broadsides of invective ("surrealism — the culminating rot of European gadget-makers") at entire schools, without discrimination between individuals, and when his blind spots and prejudices determine the art and artists to be honored in the most important print book of the decade.

Morris Davidson, in his book, *Painting for Pleasure*, presents the argument for the aesthetic values in painting which Craven so ignorantly evades. This is the argument which must be understood by the great American public, including its cultural leaders, if the art of the picture is to hold its own against the never ending onslaughts of intellectualism, pragmatism, and just plain ignorance. Davidson states his case in a book written as a guide to amateur painters. And the combination of explanation with practice is without doubt the most effective way to open the door of understanding to the aesthetically illiterate individual or nation.

With the fundamentals of Davidson's explanation of modern painting and with the goals of his art teaching I heartily agree. But with his educational method of reaching those goals I, as an art educator, on some points, must as heartily disagree. For instance, he italicizes, "The objectives for the beginner will have to be conscious, intellectual, strictly formulated in advance." I believe just the opposite. They should be felt and emotional. Then he follows the routine of the old academic schools in teaching but with his different objectives at each step. I believe in radically revised ways and means. However, Craven and others should read this book.

RALPH M. PEARSON

* A Treasury of American Prints, *edited by Thomas Craven* (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*); Painting for Pleasure, *by Morris Davidson* (*Hale, Cushman & Flint, $2.50*).

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

On Writing a Novel in Verse

***by* CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE**

I HAVE now completed two books which I have called "novels in verse." One of them was of seven thousand lines; the other and second, of fifteen thousand. It has taken me twelve years to do so, and only now do I begin to see clearly the end I would some day attain to, given health and strength.

I was encouraged to complete my first novel in verse by the remarkable and deserved success of Stephen Vincent Benét with *John Brown's Body*. I read his book many times and studied it. He gave new life to old forms, with a new scheme, a new pattern; and some of his forms, even, were as nearly original with him as is possible at this date. But I made one error in judgment, and it proved costly. I did not see the essential difference between an epic narrative poem and a novel in verse nor what pitfalls lay in the novel form.

When the book (*Hoxsie Sells His Acres*) was published it had an amazingly kind critical reception. I think the reviewers must have realized at least that the attempt was bold enough and brave enough to be treated as kindly as possible. But one excellent article by Donald Davidson, in the *American Review*, raised the question of the possibility of competing in verse with the prose novelists and raised it so well that it echoed long afterward in my mind; for I knew then, when the book was published, that I had not solved my problem — hadn't, to be truthful, seen the problem clearly enough to be able to solve it. Yet I still believed that any real renascence of poetry would need poetry written on a large scale — as mural painting must progress alongside easel painting, if art is to flourish richly.

In *John Brown's Body* Benét used a series of different metrical forms, and he varied these according to a careful plan. By so doing, he relieved the monotony of one long poem in the same meter and heightened the recall of his characters and his scenes by creating in the reader a familiarity with these themes. They were many. There were, we will say, themes for A and B and C and D, as people. But in the book more than two people dignified by separate themes rarely met together; so that, if A met B, the choice of thematic meter resolved itself into the single question, "Through the mind of which one is the scene to be written?"

But the moment I tried to borrow the system, creating some ten major themes for my first book, I ran into difficulty. Not only, in my smaller and more compact novel form, did A meet D, but C and B and sometimes Y and W were also there. What then? The answer was twofold: one, a fusing of various meters into a common form — tricky, dangerous, and not to be used often, obviously, or the technique would overburden the matter; and the other, a set of common-denominator meters, which could include anyone. And immediately it was apparent, to me at least, that these latter passages would equally well have gone into prose.

It was then that I began to see the problem and try to solve it. In my next book I stacked the cards as heavily in favor of the complication of characters as I knew how, for I chose to write it in the first person. Those of you who have attempted to write anything, other than autobiography, in the first person will know the common difficulties of this method: the difficulties of dissociating the ego of the author from the ego of the character; the difficulties of plot, where no longer is the author the omniscient eye but where all sources of knowledge must strain through a single experience. Add to this the exciting problem of translating the leitmotiv of Wagner into verse and you will see what I was now attempting.

Obviously, metrical changes alone would not suffice, for, if there were three or four persons present, which meter would dominate? The answer seemed to be only one: rhythmic variation. I laid out therefore a series of metrical forms which were comfortable to my ear and various in their effect, assigning them to sorts of people, as well as to individuals. Then I devised, as the work progressed, a series of rhythmic motifs, which could be introduced in either a usual or an unusual form. That is to say, when each rhythmic motif was first presented (and sometimes when it was repeated) it had a metrical form, rhymed or blank, that seemed to suit it best. But, when another meter was in progress, it was possible to introduce the rhythm desired for as long as necessary to recall, as in music, the mood, the situation, or the person originally identified with that rhythm.

It is not, alas! possible to write poetry in both the treble and the bass. Therefore, after carefully studying *Samson Agonistes* and its choruses and the poems of Father Hopkins, I followed my scheme out to its logical conclusion, which was the counterpointing of rhythm within any given metrical form, no matter how strict, how free, or how various that metrical form might be. By experiment I believe I have learned that, when a rhythm or beat has been set up in a sufficient number of lines to accustom the reader's ear to it, the change to a second rhythm carries against the recollected beat of the established one for only a limited number of lines — ten at the outside. After that, the secondary rhythm becomes the dominant, and a return to the first one produces the effect of counterpoint again.

I had my work sheets always by me for three and a half years, and on them were some twenty metrical variants, with as many rhythmic motifs — I can find no better word. I do not need to mention the more obvious lists of repeated words, phrases, and melodic lines. For example, I wished to describe a painting of a woman without using her name; but the woman already had an established motif of her own, other than that of the artist. When the central character or ego of the book saw the painting and when I wrote what he saw, I slipped out of the artist's motif into the motif of the woman; and, even hearing the passage read aloud for the first time, a remarkable number of persons recognized the woman from the change in rhythm.

You will see, of course, that this provides the poet who wishes to tell a story with a medium so flexible and so compact that never is he at a loss in selecting a poetical form natural to his subject or ever forced into one whose mythos needs prose rather than verse. How successful is the experiment in my second book, *Each to the Other*, is a matter not for my judgment. But other poets may be encouraged by my experience.

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THE RECORD REVIEW

BRAHMS: CONCERTO IN D MAJOR FOR VIOLIN & ORCHESTRA. Jascha Heifetz & Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky (Victor M, AM 571; 5 records, $9.00).

BLOCH: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN & ORCHESTRA. Joseph Szigeti & Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, conducted by Charles Munch (Columbia M, AM 380, 4 records, $6.00).

MOZART: CONCERTO NO. 2 IN D MAJOR FOR FLUTE & ORCHESTRA, *K. 314.* Marcel Moyse & orchestra, conducted by Piero Coppola (Victor M 589; 2 records, $3.50).

MOZART: SONATA NO. 24 IN C MAJOR FOR VIOLIN & PIANO, *K. 296.* Nathan Milstein & Arthur Balsam (Columbia X-143; 2 records, $4.50).

THREE concertos and two works by the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart make a remarkable and exciting list indeed.

The recording of the Brahms Concerto is supposed to fill the need for the ultimate recording of the work. Victor promotes the set as the "last" Brahms Concerto. The artists — Heifetz, Koussevitzky, and the glorious Boston Symphony — are foremost virtuosi in their respective fields; Victor has lavished the finest technique known to recording on the set. Still, when one has forgotten the electrifying manner in which the acoustics of Symphony Hall have been reproduced, when the glow of Heifetz' technique has faded, there linger the superficial approach to the music, the sentimentality and vulgar phrasing, so that the foremost technical recording of some time is not fully matched by the artistic level of the interpretation; and the ultimate recording of the Brahms Concerto is still a star to be aimed at.

FROM a standard work like the Brahms Concerto to the Bloch Concerto is a far cry. For me, at least, the Bloch has far more value: It is the most integrated work of one of the most significant composers of our own time — Ernest Bloch. Bloch has doubtless more to say in one work than many another composer has to say in a lifetime. His music is logical, emotional, expressive, often racially expressive, and at all times vigorously dramatic and therefore hypnotic. Bloch is no atonalist; he is a master craftsman who weaves his work around a group of tonally, rhythmically, or harmonically related ideas. The finished work is something of intellectual magnitude, of straightforward and profound musical thinking.

The Violin Concerto, completed in 1938, is a dazzling and compelling work. Its three movements are full of Bloch's unique musical logic, influenced by the music of the Santa Fé Indians, amongst whom the composer lived for a time. The themes are treated cyclically throughout the Concerto, so that the work is thoroughly integrated.

Szigeti's performance is full of the fire and imagination with which the composer conceives of the work. It is an exhibition of the finest qualities of genuine musical playing. A fine balance between soloist and orchestra and a resonant recording by Columbia make this set a rare edition to recorded literature.

THE last of the concertos and the first Mozart work brings us to the release of a set that was issued in Europe some time ago. The Flute Concerto is in three movements, with a cadenza in the first movement by Donjon. The third movement is cut. Despite the age of the recording, the cut and rather routine playing by the unidentified orchestra, the set is likely to prove interesting; for Mozart's music is always indestructible, and Moyse's style is often ingratiating. There is something to the contention of those who say that the French cannot do justice to Mozart!

THE Sonata in C Major was written at Mannheim in 1778, where Mozart had sought the benevolence of the Elector without success. Instead, he was subsidized by Hofkammerrates Serrarius, whose talentless daughter he was obliged to teach. For his pupil Mozart composed the Sonata in C Major, K. 296, in one day — March 11, 1778. The Sonata is in three movements, with a particularly delightful rondo (allegro).

Milstein and Balsam are not so well suited to Mozart as to Beethoven, and they cannot compare with Krauss and Goldberg (in the Parlophone Mozart Chamber Music Society — Vol. I); but, since the Krauss-Goldberg version is not available separately in this country, the Milstein-Balsam performance is quite welcome. It is very well recorded and contains much excellent ensemble.

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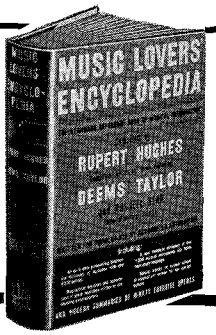

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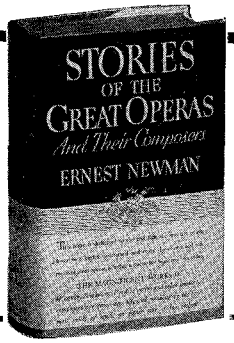

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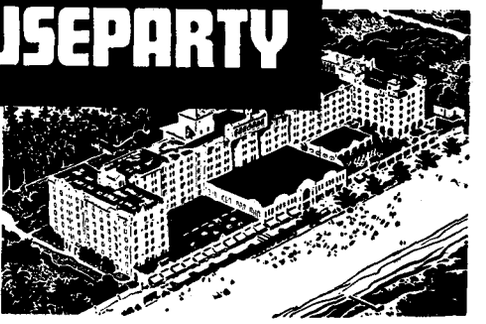

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Travel Briefs

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

THE WAR, which has not erupted on this side of the Atlantic with any particular violence, has not discouraged the Bermudians who make that island the year-round delight of vacationing Americans. After a month of limited service, owing to commandeering of British ships serving Bermuda, the Holland-America flagship, the luxury liner *Nieuw Amsterdam*, began a weekly round trip between New York and the Coral Islands. This was a major event for Bermudians (as well as American tourists), and all the sailing craft and power boats in Bermuda waters turned out to welcome the *Nieuw Amsterdam* when she made port for the first time at Grassy Bay on October 23.

Bermuda's fleet of pleasure sailing craft is, incidentally, an impressive one. Yachting has always been one of the island's major interests, and the Bermuda skippers, whose competition is enlivened annually by visiting racers from many ports, are respected as smart, able sailors.

Bermuda yachting is greatly facilitated by the coral reefs which fringe the islands and afford wide bays which are never disturbed by heavy seas. Of course Bermuda weather is still weather, and (though November temperature averages seventy degrees) the islands occasionally catch a tropical storm — even as our own New England did a year ago. One such disturbance occurred this fall, but winds exceeding one hundred miles an hour failed to damage seriously a single building — a good recommendation for coral-stone construction. The Government Aquarium, after the storm, placidly announced that the gale had rid the islands of tree parasites!

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TOASTS

MERLO J. PUSEY is a Washington newspaperman whose chief business is writing editorials for the *Washington Post*. He is the author of *The Supreme Court Crisis*. Mr. Pusey for several years has made the peculiar District of Columbia government his journalistic hobby.

LOWELL M. LIMPUS studied at Teachers' College and West Point, has been Managing Editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, and has served as a staff officer. He is a captain in the military intelligence reserve. At present he is "experting" the war for various newspapers and writing a book to be called *The Art of War*.

LETA CLEWS CROMWELL is a New Yorker who studied the drama and play writing at Bryn Mawr College and at Columbia University.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, a newspaperman from the Pacific Northwest, has been a prolific magazine writer in recent months. His book about public power in the Northwest, *Our Promised Land*, will be familiar to many readers.

FRANK A. NEWTON is a former Chairman of the Rate Committee of the American Gas Association; he is now Chairman of the Rate Research Committee of the Edison Electric Institute and in charge of rates and valuation for the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation.

RALPH L. WOODS is employed in the traffic department of an oil company and does his free-lance research and writing evenings and week ends. He has appeared in these pages before, with "White Collar Slaves" (April, 1932).

JEAN RICOCHET BOYD, another old FORUM contributor, is a practicing physician, who likes to put his generally unflattering opinions of mankind in black and white every so often. It makes him feel better.

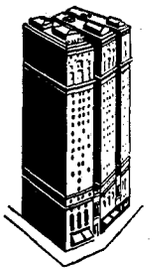
OSCAR WILLIAMS is a New Yorker who published his first book of poems at the age of twenty. After a lapse of some sixteen years, devoted mostly to the advertising business, he resumed writing verse in 1937.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "I Went to College at Fifty" lives in Honolulu, where she teaches English to young Japanese. In her spare time she writes occasional feature articles.

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE, author of the widely discussed novel in verse, *Each to the Other*, is a brother of Oliver La Farge, also a novelist and an expert on Indian affairs.

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (c) *"After Seven Years," by Raymond Moley*
2. (c) *was unable to continue*
3. (a) *John Dewey* [who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. Santayana is a philosopher; Babbitt was a critic; Studebaker heads the U. S. Office of Education in Washington.]
4. (b) *a misogynist* [one who hates women. A misogamist hates marriage, and a misologist hates argument — which cynics might say is the same thing!]
5. (b) *Peter Astra* [winner of the Hambletonian and other races]
6. (b) *the crew of the "Chesapeake," 1813* ["Tell the men to fire faster and not to give up the ship; fight her till she sinks." The *Ranger* was John Paul Jones's ship.]
7. (d) *grocery* [They control the A. & P. chain.]
8. (a) *self-esteem*
9. (d) *Winston Churchill* [who held the same job during World War]
10. (b) *two billion*
11. (d) *material with a watered effect* [Tulle is a thin, fine net, usually silk, for veils, dresses, etc.]
12. (a) *Chase Bank of N. Y.* [Assets $3,097,011,177.46. The 46 cents represent the balance in the Quiz Editor's account.]
13. (a) *"How nice, Auntie; learn it in Trinidad?"* [Calypso is a type of Negro singing done with guitar, and the verses are current in nature. Beginning in Trinidad, it has recently been popular on records. The glockenspiel is a percussion instrument.]
14. (c) *Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt* [who are celebrating their fifteenth season together, having appeared in four hundred different towns and cities. McClintic is a producer; MacArthur, a writer.]
15. (c) *Daumier was mainly a landscape painter.* [False; he was mainly a caricaturist, of Parisian folk, etc., 1808–1869.]
16. (a) *their literary forgeries* [Macpherson wrote the fake epic, *Ossian*. Chatterton, a brilliant young poet, wrote as a medieval monk, committed suicide. Collier was a Shakespearean forger.]
17. (b) *ranting hypocrite*
18. (c) *Theodore Roosevelt*
19. (c) *Sears Roebuck* [grosses over $500,000,000 yearly from mail orders and stores.]
20. (b) *the mule*
21. (a) *Shakespeare stole most of his plots.* [He got them from earlier English writers, etc. Daniel Boone actually hated the coonskin cap, never wore one. The statement that women buy 85 per cent of all goods has been exploded.]
22. (a) *treating war wounds* [See November FORUM.]
23. (d) *Banting* [co-discoverer with John Macleod]
24. (d) *John Sloan*
25. (a) *control the best "farms" for young players* [some fourteen minor-league clubs]
26. (a) *likable young men battling the world* [Mr. Deeds, Mr. Smith, etc.]
27. (b) *report to the officials* [He must wait to tell the quarterback what the coach said until one play has been run.]
28. (d) *one husband at a time*
29. (a) *They pass more often.*
30. (b) *"Been prowling around Tibet lately?"* [He's an explorer.]
31. (b) *Warren Billings*
32. (b) *Williamsburg* [Worth seeing, too.]
33. (b) *"Ulysses," by Joyce*
34. (c) *His pipe* [From "The Wreck of the Hesperus."]
35. (a) *Minnehaha*
36. (b) *the author's signature*
37. (d) *Ph.d.*
38. (c) *Shakespeare* [Sonnet No. 73 and the Quiz Editor's favorite.]
39. (d) *Mary Wollstonecraft was Shelley's mother-in-law.*
40. (b) *patricide* [It means murder of father by son or daughter. Uxoricide is the murder of husband by wife or vice versa.



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